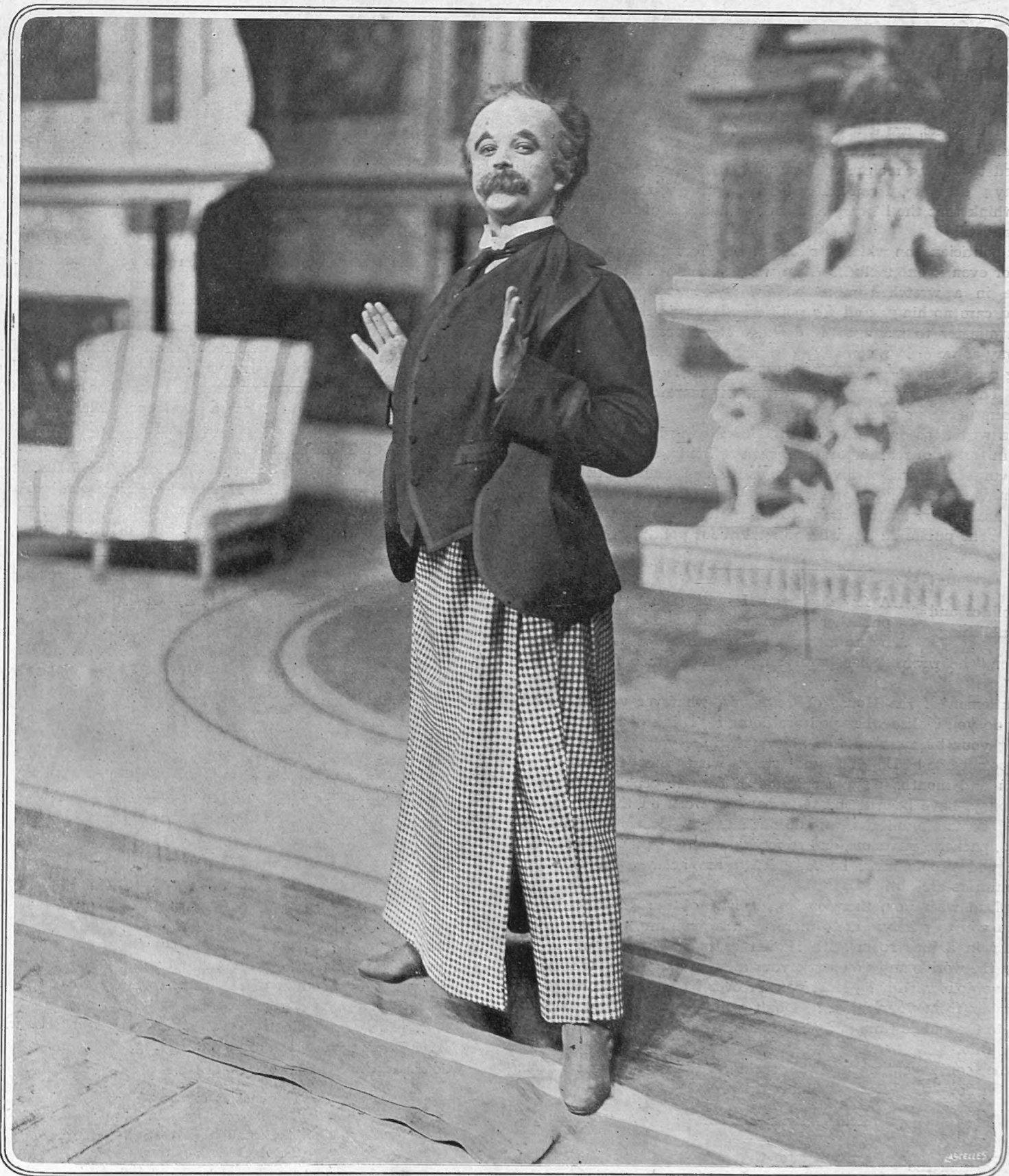


The Sketch

No. 1106.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1914

SIXPENCE.



AS MR. LLOYD GEORGE (D. L. G.—DON'T LET GO!) AT THE REHEARSAL OF MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S REVUE :
MISS IDA CRISPI IN "A MIXED GRILL."

In that scene of "A Mixed Grill," the new "Bur-revue-lesque" at the Empire, which shows a rehearsal of Mr. Granville Barker's revue in the cooling-room of a Turkish bath, Miss Ida Crispi appears as she is seen here, as Mr. Lloyd

George. Further, she makes a quick change into what is called the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his original form that is, Robin Hood (as illustrated on another page).—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



Too Much Politics.

I desire to protest, in the most emphatic manner possible, against all this fuss and bother over the "political situation." Politicians, I presume, are delighted to find themselves taking up more than half the space in the daily newspapers; they are, no doubt, delighted to know that the country is talking about them for once in a way; they are, I can easily believe, preening themselves with joy to think that the literary and artistic business of the country is at a standstill.

But politicians, on whichever side of the House they may happen to sit, or even if one includes those who do not sit in the House at all, are in a wretched minority. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred care nothing at all for politics. We send these gentlemen to Westminster to manage the details of our business in just the same way as we elect a committee to manage the affairs of our club. Having sent them there, we wish to hear as little as possible about them. The more we hear about them, the more certain it is that our affairs need our personal attention.

As a writer, as one who has to make a living by interesting the public in things of real importance, such as life and death, marrying and giving in marriage, love, tears, sighs, joys, and retributions, I object very strongly to this noise in the committee-room. Politicians have no right to attract to themselves the attention of the public. The public do not wish to read about politics.

Politics and Publishing.

A few days ago, I received a letter from my publisher which contained a significant and by no means private sentence. "The political situation," he wrote, "has paralysed the book trade for the time being."

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, whatever your political views, do you realise what you are doing? Think of it! By conducting your business on this noisy principle, you have paralysed the book trade! Do you understand what that means? For months and months past, thousands of earnest people, who need the money, have been desperately hard at work on the making of books. Some are authors, who do not matter. Others are printers, binders, packers, travellers, and so forth; even if the authors starve, these good people must be fed. They are accustomed to being fed; authors are not.

I plead with you, therefore, on behalf of the book trade. I beseech you to paralyse it no more. There you are, gentlemen, all together in a nice room with leather seats and pretty windows; why in the world can't you settle your affairs in an amicable manner and have done with it? Must you for ever banish the saving grace of humour from your midst? Don't you see how ridiculous it is to waste the public time and the public money in this way? I am sure you do.

Come, come, gentlemen. The spring is here, bringing sunshine and fresh flowers. Please live and let live!

Politics and the Theatre.

I am not sure that a political upset is as bad for the theatrical business as it is for the book trade. When the public is uncertain as to what may happen next, it is inclined to get out-of-doors. It feels restless by the fireside. It wants to be with its kind and hear any news that may be going. And, if you can once get the public out-of-doors, you can get it into places of amusement. The greatest enemy to the theatre is the fireside. In America, for example, where the majority of houses are heated by steam, and there is no blazing

hearth with comfortable chairs on either side of it, the theatres are far better supported than in this country. The British nation is a fireside nation, and that is why the Britisher is a bad playgoer.

But get the Britisher out of his home and he will turn into a theatre as willingly as a lamb into the fold. On Boat-Race Night, Derby Night, and such occasions, the theatres and music-halls are packed to the doors. Why? Because the Britisher is away from his fireside for once, and feels no frantic desire to return to it. If the theatrical managers could form a League for the Suppression of Slippers they would all retire with vast fortunes.

Politics, therefore, are of some small use, after all. What one loses on the swings, one makes up on the roundabouts. And the sun is still high in the heavens.

Politics on the Stage.

I am rather surprised to hear that Mr. Galsworthy has written a political play. I cannot remember that I have ever yet seen a successful political play, much less a good one. The reason for this is quite obvious. The Members of the House of Commons see to it that their Chamber shall be as dramatic as any theatre. We are always hearing of some "Scene in the House," or "Dramatic Outburst in the House," or "The Drama of Westminster." The papers report the actual dialogue uttered just as they might give extracts from the dialogue of a play; the portraits of the actors appear in all the papers; nothing is lacking but the feminine interest, and that is occasionally supplied by a picture of the ladies behind the grille, or an account of a Suffragette outburst.

It is very rash, therefore, of any dramatist to attempt to compete with this long-established and very well-advertised home of drama. In a word, politics on the stage are not convincing. Many dramatists have tried to make them convincing and have failed. Politics and the theatre will not wed. If they do, a judicial separation is the usual result. The parties are not suited one to the other.

Mr. Galsworthy is at his best when he shows us quite simple scenes in the lives of the very poor. In my opinion, he has never yet beaten "The Silver Box," and, in that play, the whimper of the motherless children outside the rich man's window was the finest moment

Two Ways of Putting It.

"A long band of anticyclone has now extended from the South to the far North of the European Continent, and this, while acting as a barrier to prevent the direct passage of depressions in an easterly direction over the United Kingdom, compels the air to flow from the more southern regions of the Atlantic. The temperature is consequently higher than of late, and is likely to continue so for several days."

That is the scientific way. Those are the words in which the Weather Expert greets the arrival of Spring.

Contrast the Poet's way—

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

That is Wordsworth's way. The great thing to remember is that both writers are undoubtedly correct.

WOMAN JUMPING TO FAME: A LADIES' POINT-TO-POINT.



1. TAKING A HEDGE: A JUMP IN THE LADIES' RACE AT THE LORD HARRINGTON'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.
2. SECOND IN THE LADIES' RACE, ON MR. HICKLING'S MARVEL: MISS ELMOR.
3. AT THE MEETING: LADY HANSON.

At the recent Point-to-Point Races in connection with Lord Harrington's Hunt, held at Woodborough, there was a ladies' race. Six ran. Mr. Tidmas's Egerton Girl, Miss Hamilton up, was first; Mr. Hickling's Marvel, Miss Elnor up, second; and Mr.

4. WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE, ON MR. TIDMAS'S EGERTON GIRL: MISS HAMILTON.
5. TAKING A HEDGE: A RIDER IN THE LADIES' RACE.
6. ABOUT TO WEIGH IN: MISS WOODHOUSE.

Hickling's Enterprise, third. The win was an easy one. Miss Elnor has won the Ladies' Race four times at this meeting. Lady Hanson, a portrait of whom we give, is the wife of Sir Gerald Hanson, second Baronet, and was Miss Dorothy Peel, of Lincoln.

Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Bureau.

WHEN "G. B. S." IS PROPERTY-MAN: "A MIXED GRILL."



1. THE PRESENTATION OF "THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE": THE HERO AND THE VILLAIN CRAWL ALONG OUT OF SIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE, WHILE THE PROPERTY-MAN DROPS CHINA INTO A PAIL TO GIVE THE NOISE OF THEIR DESPERATE FIGHT IN A CONSERVATORY.

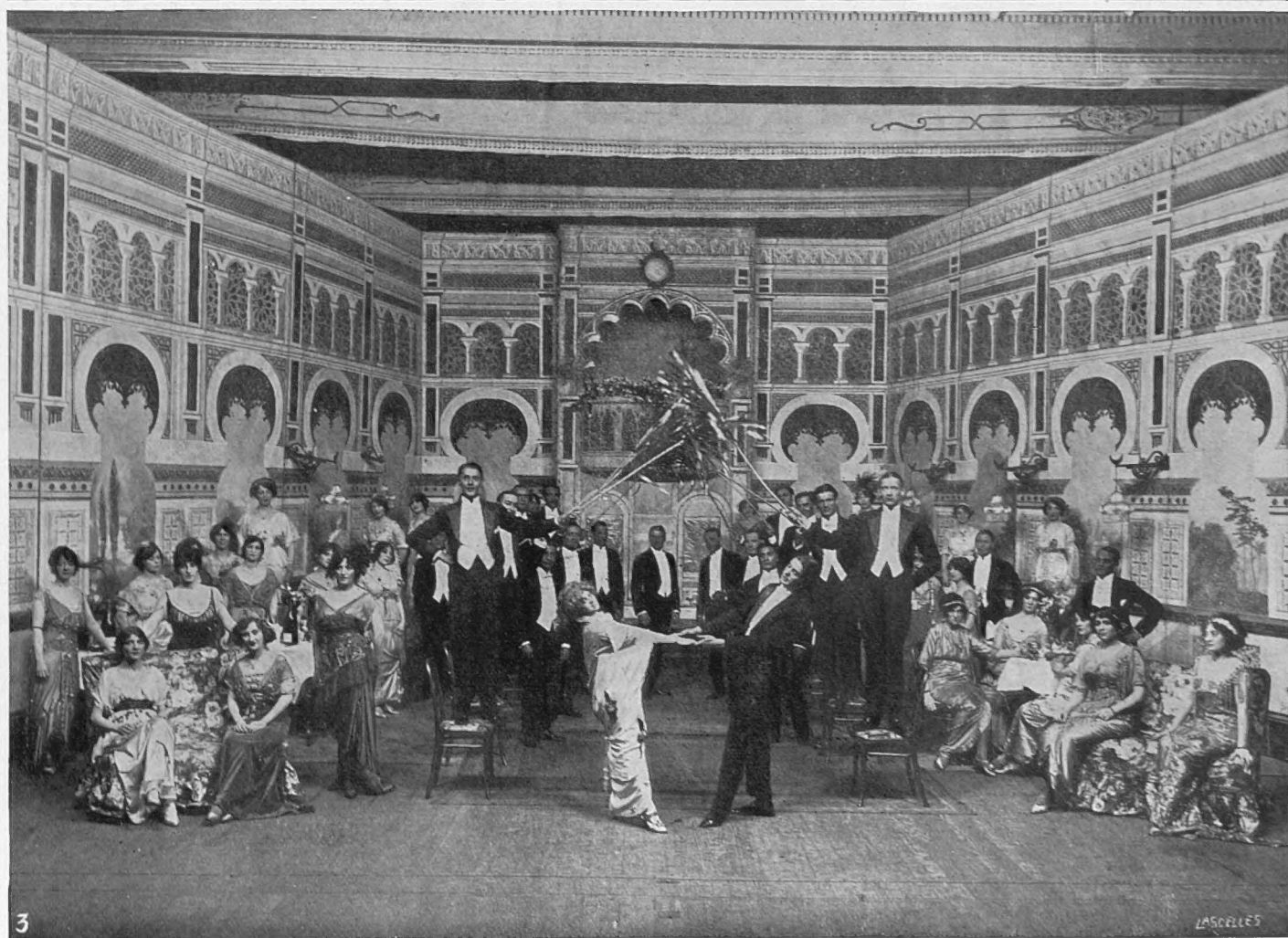
2. BEHIND THE SCENES OF A MUSIC-HALL AS SHOWN ON THE EMPIRE STAGE: THE EIGHT ENTRANCERS DANCING.

One of the scenes of "A Mixed Grill," at the Empire, is called "On a Music-Hall Stage," and includes the performance of a burlesque of a melodramatic problem-play, "The Eternal Triangle." In the first photograph, from left to right, are Mr. R.

Lemprière as the Old Actor as Prompter; Mr. J. James as Mr. Bernard Shaw (as his real self, the Clown) acting as Property Man; Mr. Fred Farren as the Hero; Mr. John Humphries as the Villain; and Miss Ida Crispi as the Heroine.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

DISHERS FROM "A MIXED GRILL": COOLING-ROOM; ROMANO'S.



1. AS THE MUSICAL-COMEDY HEROINE, IN ROMANO'S: MISS IDA CRISPI.

2. MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS HE ORIGINALLY WAS (OTHERWISE, ROBIN HOOD) AND MR. GRANVILLE BARKER: MISS IDA CRISPI AND MR. FRED FARREN IN THE COOLING-ROOM OF A TURKISH-BATH SCENE.

3. A MUSICAL-COMEDY JOY-DREAM: AFTER SUPPER IN ROMANO'S.

"A Mixed Grill," at the Empire, is described as a Bur-revue-lesque. The book and lyrics are by Mr. W. H. Risque; the music is by Mr. Howard Talbot; and the production is by Mr. Fred Farren. The scenes are Anywhere (the Old Drama and the Higher Drama); the Cooling-Room of a Turkish Bath (a Rehearsal of Mr.

Granville Barker's Revue); the Stage Door of a Music-Hall (Arrivals and Departures of Turns); On a Music-Hall Stage (a Dancing Turn and Performance of a Problem Play, "The Eternal Triangle"); Outside Romano's (Arrival of Supper-Parties); and, Inside Romano's (Supper: A Musical-Comedy Joy-Dream).

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

62628 Germany. Fig 1

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Play Actors' latest production at the Court Theatre was
"The One Thing Needful," by Miss Estelle Burney and
Mr. Herbert Swears. It was very earnest. It gave us the
conflict between the ideals of the ardent young Socialist and the
cruel realities of the world. It was, in intent, very bitterly cynical
and full of irony. The object of the Socialist's fiery sympathy
turned out to be a shameless individualist when rescued from
oppression; and a gallant crusade by the young enthusiast against
the fraudulent pills his own father sold only had the effect of making
those pills more popular than ever; the attack being mistaken for
a daring form of advertisement. But, somehow, as a play it was
rather disappointing. The young man was very eager and sincere,
as Mr. Henry Hargreaves played him; but he was rather a tiresome
fellow. The father (Mr. J. Cooke Beresford) was a mixture of
worldly common-sense and kindly sympathy; but in both aspects
he was crudely drawn; and the only real success was Mr. Jackson
Wilcox's extremely clever study of a reckless old waster.

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of well-known and continually photographed places.

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the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
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destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A TIME-LIMIT FOR BANQUETS: JAPANESE CORONATION CEREMONIES: THE DOLPHINS OF NAGOYA.

The Forty-Five Minute Dinner.

The Kaiser has issued a command that official dinners in Germany are not to last more than forty-five minutes from the time the guests sit down until they rise. I am all in favour of short dinners and of short speeches, which should be delivered before dinner, not after it; but the forty-five-minute rule seems to me to cut away that pleasant half-hour after dinner when a man sits and smokes his cigar, drinks his coffee and liqueur, and chats with his neighbours. Perhaps the Kaiser intends that coffee and cigars shall be enjoyed, as they are in clubs, in another room to that in which dinner has been eaten.

The Clubman's Dinner.

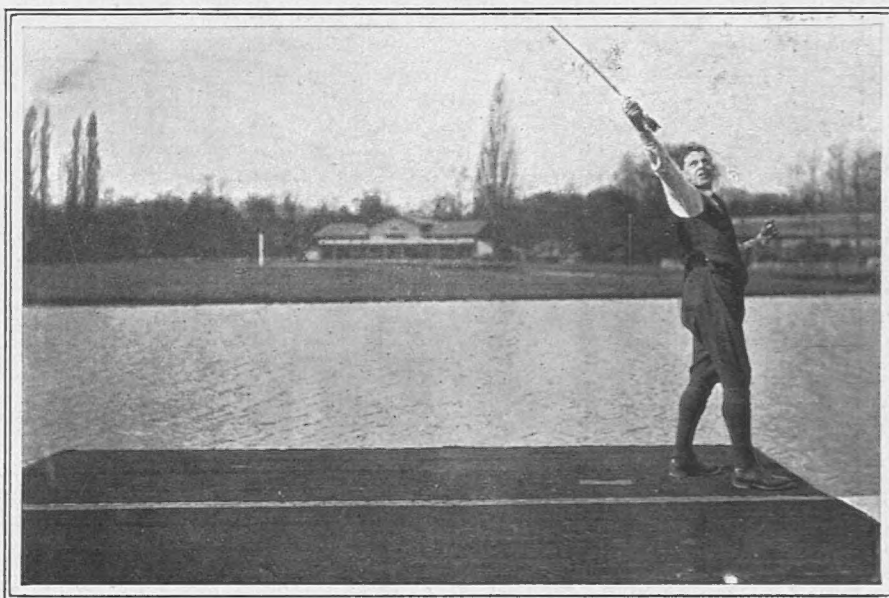
For the actual eating of a dinner—even a comparatively long dinner—forty-five minutes is amply sufficient, and that, I remember, is exactly the time that it takes to serve the quite elaborate dinners that the P. and O. Company give their first-class passengers on board all their ships. The ordinary clubman dining in his club does not, as a rule, take more than half-an-hour over the actual eating of his dinner. A man dining by himself or having one or two guests to dinner does not order any dishes except those that he and the men dining with him like, and his dinner on ordinary occasions consists of soup, fish, an entrée or a cut from the joint, perhaps a vegetable course, and either a sweet, a savoury, or some cheese to end up the little feast. And a man and his wife dining at home never require a longer dinner than the above.

The Length of Banquets.

The menus of banquets must, of necessity, contain more dishes than those set down for little intimate feasts. If a hundred or two hundred men dine together, at least a quarter of them eat not what they would like to eat, but what their doctor tells them they may eat, and another quarter have little fads of their own as to diet. A choice of soups becomes necessary, for some of the feasters will certainly have been told by their doctors not to look at any soup the basis of which is beef. There has to be a choice of white meats

The Coronation of the Mikado.

The Coronation of the Mikado, which is to take place in the November of this year, will, with all the ceremonies attendant on it, occupy three weeks, which is a week longer than the time devoted to the festivities at the coronation of any European Sovereign. Two days of rest are to be set apart during these three weeks, during which the Mikado and all the great officials will be allowed to occupy



WINNER OF THE LIGHT FLY-ROD COMPETITION AT THE TOURNAMENT OF THE CASTING CLUB DE FRANCE: MR. H. J. HARDY, OF ALNWICK, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

The weather was very wet, and a heavy wind prevented great records.

their time as they will. The Mikado and the Empress will travel from Tokio, which is the new capital of the dynasty, to Kyoto, which used to be the city of the Mikado when the Shoguns held the temporal power.

The Story of a Golden Dolphin.

During this journey the Emperor and the Empress will stay one night at Nagoya—a city on the Tokaido the main road between the two capitals. Nagoya has left an impress on my memory as being the city where two great golden dolphins are on the summit of the roof of the citadel palace. One of these dolphins was sent to Europe to be shown in an international exhibition, and the inhabitants of Nagoya shook their heads and declared that some ill would come of sending the sacred image overseas. The prophets of ill were abundantly justified when the Messageries steamer bringing back the golden dolphin to Japan sank. When, with infinite trouble, the dolphin was saved from the wreck and hoisted again to its old position, the city made a law that the dolphins were never again to go on a voyage.

The Mirror of the Sun-Goddess.

The Mikado, according to ancient custom, will be enthroned in the hall called Shi-Shin-Den—the "mysterious purple court"—outside which grow a cherry-tree and a wild orange-tree. After the enthronement, he and his Empress will make official pilgrimages to several shrines, the most important of these being the Temple of Ise, where is kept the mirror of the Sun Goddess. This mirror, with a sword, formed the insignia of the Mikado's sovereignty. They were originally kept in the Mikado's palace in Kyoto, but eventually were placed by the Princess who had charge of them in the temple at Ise. The mirror was wrapped in a bag of brocade, which is never taken off from it. When the bag begins to fall to pieces through age, another bag is sewn over it. The many layers of bags and their sacred contents are placed in a wooden cage ornamented with gold, and over this again is a covering of silk. The pilgrims to Ise are only allowed to gaze at the covered cage. When the Mikado returns to Tokio after his enthronement, a review of his army and navy will close the festivities and pilgrimages.



A NEW NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT EVENT: FIRING AT A BALLOON HEAD WHILE TAKING A FENCE DURING PRACTICE FOR THE SWORD, LANCE, AND REVOLVER COMPETITION.

The next Royal Naval and Military Tournament will see, in place of tent-pegging, a new competition—for sword, lance, and revolver. The competitor will thrust at two dummies, leaving his sword in the second one; then he will draw his revolver and shoot blank cartridges at three "balloon" heads as he passes them; then, at a canter, he will take the lance from a perpendicular position in the ground and lunge at two rings and a peg.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

as well as red meats, for the same reason. The vegetarians must find something they can eat amongst the dishes on a menu, and the most experienced caterer finds it impossible to bring a banquet within a narrower compass than seven dishes. The Lord Mayor's banquet this year, which was an excellent example of a desire to please all men, to include the necessary civic dishes and yet not to make the dinner too lengthy, was of nine courses.

THE DANCE OF THE IDEAS, OF THE HAUNTED HUNDRED, AND



1. MISS CHRISTINE BREMNER—AN IDEA.
2. MRS. SAM SOTHERN—AN IDEA.
3. CHECK!
4. MISS JULIA JAMES.

5. MESSRS. E. D. HANDLEY-READ, WALTER CROFT HANDLEY, AND C. TAVERNER—DRUMMERS OF OLD KING COLE.
6. MISS LAURA COWIE—FUTURIST PIERROT.

The All Fools' Day Ball of the St. John's Wood artists was distinctly successful. In a great many cases the dresses were of the most up-to-date kind, if not Futurist Hundred, colours playing upon them. Then the lights died away and the figures were black.

Photographs by Hugh Ceccl, Newsphoto

OF FUTURISM: THE ALL FOOLS' DAY BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.



- 7. MISS DOROTHY CUNNICK—TIP - TOP.
- 8. MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS—FLAMES.
- 9. MISS GLADYS COOPER—AN IDEA.
- 10. MISS ALICE CRAWFORD—AN IDEA.

- 11. MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN—AN IDEA.
- 12. MISS ETHEL LEVEY—AN IDEA.
- 13. MISS MABEL RUSSELL—AN IDEA.
- 14. MISS RUBY MILLER—AN IDEA.

At half an hour after midnight, the floor having been cleared, the Ideas appeared, led by Miss Phyllis Bedells, as Flames; pursuing them were the Haunted out into invisibility. The next moment they had opened their dominoes and seemed to be skeletons.

Illustrations, Bassano, Vandyk, and Longflier.



"THE LOVES OF QUEER CREATURES" A BOOKIE-POET AND A COCKNEY TYPIST.

The
"Bookie"-Poet.

Darwin—grandpapa of the still more famous Charles referred to in the new play at the Apollo—who wrote "The Loves of the Plants."

Mr. Monckton Hoffe has rather a mania for describing the loves of queer creatures: perhaps he does not go so far as the famous Erasmus

It was a remarkable couple in "The Little Damsel," a strange pair in "Panthea," and not an ordinary duet in "Proper" or "Improper Peter." In "Things We'd Like to Know," the chief lover is quite an extraordinary thing in the way of poets. My brother-journalists who belong to the news department—thank goodness, I don't—are fond of this sort of head-line: "The Policeman Painter," "The Railway Porter Phidias," "The Cabman Caruso," and so on. Mr. Monckton Hoffe gives us "The Bookie Poet"—or to use, perhaps incorrectly, the alliteration dear to Fleet Street, the "Penciller Poet," or shall I say the "Bookie Bard"? It seems a queer combination. Dick Gilder is supposed to be a real eighteen-carat poet, instead of which he tries to spot winners—or worse, he joins a syndicate of dishonest "S.-P." merchants, which at the beginning of the play is "stony" and cannot meet its claims. According to the ethics of the betting class, to whom Mr. Justice Scrutton of late

Byron earned a lot of money with his poetry, and some poets since his time have done very well, but the twelve editions and a fortune within a year for a volume of poems in our days does require a lot of believing, and the present time is not the reign of faith. Now Lord Glandeville fell in love with Gedgie, and, love being blind, failed to perceive that she could not possibly have written the poems. His aunt, Mrs. George Orple, was not such a fool, and when a newspaper published a nasty hint about the authorship, she caused her nephew to make inquiries—for, of course, she did not want him to marry Miss Gedgie. The audience is apparently expected to regard Aunt Orple as an odious person. I do not know why: perhaps because she was not a swindler or a liar, like the lovable persons in the play. I suppose I am old-fashioned in my sneaking distaste for the persons that Mr. Hoffe paints affectionately. Miss Gedgie, being in love with Dick, naturally wishes to marry Lord Glandeville, and when his Lordship asks her to accept him, she, on account of her anxiety to become Lady Glandeville, confesses that she is an impostor and did not write the poetry, thereby, of course, making him withdraw his offer. This statement of her conduct may not seem satisfactory, but I can assure you that the statement is quite as satisfactory as the conduct.

AFTER "WINING": FRANK GEDGE
(MR. RICHARD CARFAX).
CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

indignantly refused the term "sportsmen," it is dishonest—it isn't "cricket"—to bet if you cannot pay, and this is what Dick and his pals had been doing. I know the answer: poets, real poets, are not always saints—some have had beautiful thoughts and beastly lives; but still, the bookie poet seems incredible: had he been a mere rhymester or very minor bard one could have believed. Moreover, the poetry in him and his gentility make it hard to think that he would fall in love with Miss Gedgie, the vulgar, commonplace, ignorant female typist of the bookie syndicate—nothing of the Nature's lady about her. However, here you have the premises of the play: the swindling bookie poet in love with the Cockney typist and she with him, and the pair at odds. I wish I could swallow the poet; I should have liked to be a poet myself, and I tried, but I can laugh now at my early efforts and at the simple editors foolish enough to publish and pay for them. All the poets recorded in Dr. Johnson's "Lives," and since, and those presented in fiction (Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré is the best, though the poets in "Bendish" deserve serious consideration) are entirely unlike Dick Gilder, and he quite beats me.

The Great Scheme.

When the duns were at the door, Dick had a scheme. There was a wealthy lord, with a passion for literature. Why not pretend that the bookie syndicate was a firm of publishers, and that Miss Gedgie, re-named Gedage, was a soulful young poetess discovered by them, and induce his Lordship to finance the firm? An extravagant scheme, even for farce, and not worked with vast dexterity by the dramatist. It succeeded, and the Gedage poems, written by Dick Gilder, made a hogshead-ful of money. A little dazzling this.



"GOT ANY MONEY?" ARTHUR WADE (MR. LOUIS GOODRICH) AND COLONEL APTHORP (MR. LYSTON LYLE).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

RICHARD GILDER HYPNOTISES DOROTHY GEDGE AT THE END OF THE PLAY: DOROTHY (MISS DOROTHY MINTO) AND RICHARD (MR. CHARLES HAWTREY).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

A Sentimental Ending.

The last act is short and a little puzzling. Lord Glandeville, being an honourable gentleman, is anxious that the fraud on the public about the poetry should be maintained; but he is very sad and stern about it, even sarcastic, and his poor aunt is cruelly humiliated before the gang, because she objects to asking Miss Gedgie to keep up the fraud. After this, the members of the syndicate indulge in an elaborate conspiracy to induce Dorothy and Dick to get married. I do not quite know the reason of this conspiracy—perhaps it was pure malevolence on their part; and so the curtain came down with tactful haste on an embracing scene. Quite funny, the beginning of the play, with bright dialogue and very cleverly drawn pictures of the swindling bookies, admirably presented by Messrs. H. Wenman, L. Goodrich, Charles Hawtreay, and Lyston Lyle, the last-named being the best. Mr. Hoffe has a genuine gift for dry pictures of rogues, and it seems a pity he cannot resist the temptation to be sentimental. Miss Dorothy Minto played with some ability as Miss Gedgie. Mr. Vane-Tempest is quite effective as Lord Glandeville, and there is real style and humour in the work of Miss Helen Haye as the aunt.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

APRIL 8, 1914

THE SKETCH.

FOR SALE.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW."



POETRY IN THE TURF COMMISSION AGENTS' OFFICE: LORD GLANDEVILLE IS INTRODUCED TO THE NEW-FOUND GENIUS, DOROTHY "GEDĀGE" (MR. A. VANE-TEMPEST AS LORD GLANDEVILLE, MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS RICHARD GILDER, AND MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS DOROTHY GEDGE, AT THE APOLLO.)

The plot of "Things We'd Like to Know" turns on the fact that Dorothy Gedge, typist in the offices of turf commission agents, is introduced to the literature-loving Lord Glandeville as a poetic genius; and not as Dorothy Gedge, but as Dorothy

Gedāge. The poetry is the work of Richard Gilder, and, naturally, the discovery that this is so much perturbs Lord Glandeville. The result is an engagement between Richard Gilder and Dorothy Gedge.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



MISS VIOLET ASQUITH

OTHER Prime Ministers have had daughters, but never with precisely the same results. Even Lord Rosebery, who nourished a wit in the bosom of his household, was not in the same case, for Lady Sybil Grant's shots and shafts were never fired from public platforms. Mr. Gladstone was too convinced a home-ruler to give any openings to the idiosyncrasies of his ladies. Lord Salisbury's daughters were, very ungallantly, called the Salisbury Plains by the members of a prejudiced Party, but the nickname did not mean that these ladies had ever been seen in the precincts of the House, nor did they seek, by mounting public platforms, to dispel the unfounded suggestion. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, like Disraeli, he'd office entirely without the assistance of breakfast-table talk with a younger and fairer generation.

The Right-Hand Daughter.

Miss Asquith is always in the precincts of the House. Not only when she accompanies the P. M. to some such function as the luncheon given the other day to the newly appointed Colonial Governors, but in the daily exercise of her duties as her father's companion and best friend, does she live in the Parliamentary atmosphere. It is a friendship and companionship so close that there is probably no grave question on which the father and daughter disagree. The girl's opinions are formed while she is at her father's side rather than during her lonely excursions into the midst of social problems. Mr. Balfour, to take an instance of another sort of petticoat influence, admits that his conversion to the cause of Women's Suffrage came about through the superior logic of Lady Betty Balfour's arguments. After three discussions he gave in; the sister-in-law was proved the better man. Miss Asquith can claim no victory over the Premier, for the good reason that she has never found his policy in violent contradiction to her own earnest beliefs.

A Question of Militancy.

Her enthusiasms are Liberal; she is with the Cabinet. On the face of it, such professions would be natural enough, if it were not the tendency of the young people of the modern world to call in question parental teaching, to rebel against the household gods. It is, according to the prevalent convention, still the part of the wife to believe in an order of things which gives effect to the genius and principles of a husband; but how many fathers have their daughters with them? Miss Asquith is whole-heartedly with her father; and that she is with her father's Government nobody who has observed her intetest partisanship in the Ladies' Gallery can for a moment doubt. She has the spirit that would make her a leader among Militants if ever she fell under Mrs. Pankhurst's spell. But that is the one thing that can never happen.

The Spirit of Inquiry.

For a time it was rumoured that her sympathies were with the Suffragettes. It was said that she had walked in a Suffrage procession; she had been recognised in Hyde Park beside a banner-bearer. But if, having donned a hat that was intended to disguise her, she did fall in with a procession, it did not follow that she believed in votes for women. When she went to Larkin's meeting at the Albert Hall, it did not mean that she was satisfied as to the exact rights and wrongs of the enormously difficult Dublin problems. She has looked into many questions for herself; but the spirit of inquiry does not indicate a clearing of the horizon. If unusual hats did

really disguise her, she might even attend a Larkin meeting in Fifehire. There is no end to her curiosity in regard to the forces of social reform. In Dublin, particularly, has she probed the hard questions of the day; and her keen interest in the Archie Gordon Boys' Club at Hoxton is, of course, only an offshoot of her general concern for social work—a concern much fostered several years ago by Lady Aberdeen.

The Family of Tongues.

People were fond of thinking of Miss Asquith as the *enfant terrible* of the Liberal Party, and the legend persists. They look joyfully to her speeches for the indiscretions that will suffuse the Cabinet with fiery blushes. They like to picture the embarrassment of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Birrell when she said that it was "no use blinking the fact that the Insurance Act was unpopular," and when she deplored the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin. But it is not, in reality, for those who know the Premier's household so well to resent its liberties of speech. It is, all through, a family of tongues; it would not keep its character if it kept silence. Even its youngest member has learned to express himself, and bidden his father listen to a small boy's lectures on aeroplanes and Beethoven.

Violet and Margot.

If subversion is what is called for in a Premier's womenkind, Miss Asquith has been set the worst example in the world. Her step-mother knows not the meaning of the word. Mrs. Asquith had always had the courage of her own opinions, and even as the wife of the Prime Minister she preserves that virtue. Her *mots*, when such things were fashionable, were famous for destructive brilliance; and when she wrote reviews for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or when in the *Times* she instructs the Bishops on Kikuyu, it is because she has the independence that sets the professional, whether he be politician or author or ecclesiastic, at naught. Miss Violet Asquith is not unlike her step-mother, either physically or mentally. The notable differences between them are differences of a slightly different period; the younger woman takes life the more seriously.



THE PREMIER'S "RIGHT-HAND DAUGHTER": MISS VIOLET ASQUITH.

Miss Asquith is the Prime Minister's daughter by his first wife, who, before her marriage to him, in 1877, was Miss Helen Melland, daughter of the late Dr. Frederick Melland, of Rushome, Manchester. The first Mrs. Asquith died in 1891. Miss Asquith has four brothers, one half-brother, and one half-sister, Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

Photograph by Thomson.

LADIES OF THE TURF: AT THE MELTON HUNT RACES.



1. MRS. RALPH PETO; LADY DIANA MANNERS; AND MISS NANCY CUNARD.

3. THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM (RIGHT).

2. THE HON. HARRIET TREFUSIS, HALF-SISTER OF LORD CLINTON.

4. THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL, DAUGHTER OF LORD DESBOROUGH; COUNT L. ARCO; AND MRS. RALPH PETO.

The Melton Hunt Races were held at Burton Lazars, near Melton Mowbray, and were attended by many well-known patrons of hunting.

Photographs by Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN a very peculiar and precise sense may it be said that the King has, during the last fortnight, been the most discussed man in England. When the Knowsley party broke up at the beginning of last week, there returned to town a number of people whose one topic was their admiration for his Majesty's bearing at a difficult juncture. Count Benckendorff and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador both returned with the feeling that comparative youth is no bar to the wisest sort of discretion; and Lord Durham and other friends of the late King have joined with the younger generation (voiced by Lord Dalmeny) in the expression of the keener sort of loyalty that comes of personal contact. The interesting point of all the talk of his Majesty is that nobody presumes to tell secrets. A dozen of Lord and Lady Derby's guests arrived from Knowsley at the same moment, and were distributed about the town; his Majesty, moreover, has been granting audiences without ceasing. And for all that, there



TO MARRY MISS HILDA M'CHELL COURAGE: LIEUTENANT JACK E. A. MOCATTA, R.N.

Lieutenant Mocatta is serving on board H.M.S. "Brisk."
Photograph by Swaine.

has been not one word of gossip that might seem to break the reserve proper to the strictest reading of duties of a Constitutional Monarch. No secrets have been told, because none have been revealed. His Majesty's personal feelings at the time of crisis have remained a mystery; and that is one of the reasons why his Majesty has proved so interesting to everybody who has come in contact with him.

At Lansdowne House.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne gave their dinner-party last week with the very best intentions. It was thought that Lansdowne House might for once forget its politics. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky and the Marquis de Soveral were counted on for secular conversation, rather than the topics that pass for "shop" at the table of the Unionist leader. Mr. R. H. Benson (not, of course, the Robert Hugh Benson whose "Initiation" is the book of the moment) was there with all his recollections of the O.U.A.C. — he was once its President — stirred by recent athletic happenings. The Princess and the Ambassador might have been spared a single allusion to the "situation" if Mr. Asquith had not made his announcement about Cabinet changes that very afternoon. Earl Winterton heard him make it; and Earl Winterton came straight from the Commons to Lansdowne House.



TO MARRY MISS NATHALIE BARRAN THIS MONTH: MAJOR A. D. BODEN.

Major Boden, of the Rifle Brigade, is the son of the late Mr. Henry Boden, and of Mrs. Boden, of The Friary, Derby.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Two Bensons. The R. H. Benson of the Lansdowne House dinner and the R. H. Benson of "Initiation" are sufficiently secure from confusion. The latter has Monsignor to his name and the claret-coloured silk of all *monsignori* at his neck. The other, though he does not wear his "blue," is known everywhere as one of the most accomplished runners of his day, as one of the most learned of picture-collectors, and popular of clubmen. He is related by marriage to Colonel Holford, and therefore to the Dorchester House collections; but, like Monsignor Benson,

he loves beyond all other pictures the Madonnas of the early Italian Renaissance.

Plain Clothes and a Private View.

The rumour that a portrait of a Cabinet Minister and his lady has been kept out of the forthcoming Academy because of the likelihood of assault and battery is, as it happens, founded on fact. And there are other pictures that will run some risks at Burlington House. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the "line" will bear two or three works sufficiently important to be made the target of a fanatic's hammer. Failing a really important picture, there may be others that will almost justify the violence of an æsthetic Suffragette. At any rate, the three plain-clothes policemen who are accustomed to mingle with the crowd on private-view day, with a more or less tolerant disregard of assembled Duchesses and daubers, have received a special caution. Most people have



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JACK E. A. MOCATTA, R.N.: MISS HILDA MICHELL COURAGE.

Miss Courage is the elder daughter of Mr. Oswald M. Courage, of The Mount, Crawley, Sussex.

Photograph by Swaine.

pitied those three men their long vigil: they are always to be seen on duty, whether one goes to the private view or postpones one's visit to the last sixpenny days of the Academy. It is almost comforting to know that this year they have to keep a sharp eye on the people—a real distraction from the pictures!

Outrage by Sir Charles!

While a procession of covered vans was delivering the pictures of the year—and many other pictures besides—at Burlington House, a little group of less insistent works of art engaged the attention of devotees in a gallery at the bottom of Bond Street. The Pencil Society counts Sir Charles Holroyd among its members, and his half-a-dozen sketches are not the least skilful of those shown in the exhibition now open. They are essentially peaceful—little portraits delicately drawn on chosen scraps of precious hand-made paper. But one of them is a pencil rendering of a figure from a Botticelli picture—a drawing which gives the Director of the National Gallery the opportunity of confessing that an attack with a chopper is not the only way of murdering an Old Master!



TO MARRY MAJOR A. D. BODEN THIS MONTH: MISS NATHALIE BARRAN.

Miss Barran is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Barran and of Mrs. Barran, of Hob Green, Markington, Yorks.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE E. GREEN, FIFTH SON OF SIR FREDERICK AND LADY GREEN: MISS FLORENCE HAYWARD, WARD OF LORD GRIMTHORPE.

Sir Frederick Green is the well-known ship-owner who is Chairman of the Orient Line, Deputy-Chairman of the League of Mercy, and a Director of the Suez Canal Company. Lord Grimthorpe is the second Baron, and was formerly a partner in the banking firm of Beckett and Co., of Leeds. He has been M.P. for the Whitby Division of the North Riding of Yorkshire.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

At St. Serf's House.

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is back again in her new home in Rochampton, and glad to be there. She hopes very soon to be rid of all trace of her terrible illness in Algiers. The Duchess loves a garden; and St. Serf's offers her attractions which Stafford House itself, with all its glories, really lacked. The open space there, though it sufficed for a garden-party, and looked pretty when lamp-lighted at night, was too garish and too sooty for comfort as a place of common resort. All the world (except the Duchess) is now climbing the staircase of Stafford House; but its old mistress hopes to tempt her friends to real garden-parties in Rochampton before the spring is done.

CALLED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF AMERICA.



PRESENTED AT COURT THE OTHER NIGHT BY HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, LADY NELSON:
MRS. JAMES HOPE NELSON

As Miss Isabel Valle, Mrs. James Hope Nelson, who was presented at Court the other night by her mother-in-law, Lady Nelson, was called the most beautiful woman of America. She is the wife of the eldest son of Sir William Nelson, Bt., sometime

Chairman of the famous Nelson Line, and is the daughter of Dr. J. F. Valle, of St. Louis, U.S.A. M. Paul Helleu holds the opinion that the most beautiful woman of America is Mrs. Leonard E. Thomas: her portrait is in our Supplement.

Photographs by Speight.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THINGS are so seldom what they ought to be. The other night I was at the Gare de Lyon seeing friends off to Rome by the 10.15 train, and as the train for Calais would not be made up for three-quarters of an hour—yes, I mean the train for Calais—I was under the necessity of killing time, the boring necessity, since even in the Lyon terminus, that gateway to the South, there is not very much to see that is either amusing or characteristic when the evening expresses have been speeded on their way. A little knot of people standing at one of the barriers suggested that there might be something to look at, and inquiry showed me that the Côte d'Azur, the famous train that runs you up from Monte Carlo to Paris almost between sunrise and sunset, was a little late but was now arriving. Surely that would be worth while. It was toward the end of the season, Paris was expecting home its votaries of pleasure, flat-racing had begun again—that train would be loaded to the last seat with amusing people, "nuts," beautiful ladies carrying little dogs, discreet maids, sportsmen, elderly ornaments of our own Peerage, ruined gamblers; with, in fact, samples of all those mixed crowds that I had left on the Riviera five weeks before and which, although it was difficult to believe, had been carrying on in exactly the same way day after day ever since, eating, drinking, gambling, making love, sitting in the sun watching the tennis or under shaded lights expectant of the fall of the little white ball or the turn of a card. When they came down the platform I should from my coign of vantage see them all in profile: they would make a frieze, typical of its time, full of character. And character is nowadays so rare. One can see it at Newmarket and in the Common Rooms and Combination Rooms of Oxford and Cambridge—but for the moment I can think of no other sure ground.

The train came slowly to rest. There was a pause and then the first passengers emerged. They were middle-aged, seedy and unpicturesque. Followed a nondescript throng of French and English and Americans, who had none of them ever been gay or cheerful for more years than they would care to remember. There were no beautiful ladies, no "nuts," no discreet maids; indeed, the train

might have arrived from Bedford for all that it carried of alluring raughtiness or amusing irresponsibility.

It is true, of course, that the mere fact that a station has to be gone to and a train travelled in does have a curiously altering, almost a disintegrating, effect on many, perhaps most, people. When you are catching a train you are, unless you have the technique of life very much at your command, no longer master of your own body, your own time, your own destiny. Somewhere the other day I read that one of our Judges who sit remote, clad in ermine and scarlet, dispensing justice and striking terror into the heart of the evil-doer, was to be seen every morning in an underground train for the Temple, and that, elbowed no doubt by compositors, lawyers' clerks, young barristers, he walked up the stairs and proceeded on foot to the Courts. It strikes me, that programme, as a little unsuitable. A Judge should drive down to his work behind a pair of foam-flecked greys with a footman who at the right moment leaps quickly from his seat to assist his elderly master to the pavement; or at least, if he be of the more modern school, he should roll in a purring motor of extraordinary quietness and of great power. In the same way one can hardly conceive a surgeon, master of life and death, being elbowed here and there by porters, having to answer the curt interrogations of ticket-collectors.

The true secret of catching a train gracefully is to be calm. Refuse to go to the station too late; refuse also to go too early. Insist on having an absolute domination over your companions, or give them beforehand absolute domination over you. Rest assured that the train is there waiting you, that your watch has not played you false, that to take your ticket, register your luggage, find a place in the train, cannot by any combination of ordinary accidents take more than so many minutes. As soon as you are able, divest yourself of everything that you have been carrying and wait with quiet expectation the whistle of the guard. Do not be hurried either by your friends or by the officials. Do not stand in other people's way. Do not push. And, again, and above all, be calm.

So, even though you be travelling by train, you will remain yourself.



WITH HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MRS. WELMAN):
SIR PERCY SCOTT.

As we noted in our last Issue, the wedding of Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the famous gunnery expert, and Mrs. Welman, of 12, Sloane Gate Mansions, third daughter of Mr. Ramsey Dennis, took place some few days ago at a London Registry Office. After the wedding, the bride and bridegroom left for the Continent.

Photograph by C.N.



THE OIL KING AS ONE OF A JOVIAL GOLFING PARTY: MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
AT HIS WINTER HOME, AT DAYTONA.

The Oil King is now wintering at his Florida home, where he will remain until the weather in New York is more to his liking.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

SAUCE FOR THE PROPAGANDA.

FOR SALE.



HE: How, aw, did you enjoy your tour in France?

SHE: Oh, immensely; it was so delightful to hear the French peasants singing the Mayonnaise!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

A GRUESOME GROUP—AT THE GOUPIL. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE spider tried again, its hairy legs grew longer and tenser, they felt for the brim of the ink-pot, clutched it, gave a pull that was a magnificent effort of tenacity and life-love. The beast's belly, round and horrible, was almost lifted out of the red ink, almost—almost—flop! The brave clutch had relaxed, the

fearsome legs slipped against the glass neck of the ink-pot, and once more the spider was submerged, engulfed, covered over. I dipped the much-bitten end of my penholder in the well of despair, and fished out a thing lamentable, hideous, and eager, the red spook of a spider that began to crawl. And as it crawled weakly and aimlessly on my writing-block, it left on the white sheet a red network, without beginning and without end, a bloody trail as that of an erratic vengeance, a fantastic map, the all-red route of a phantom railway!

"This," I thought aloud, "reminds me of—of something, a something, I don't know what, that I have seen, I don't know when. . . ."

"Do you know at least where?"

asks Germaine, depositing the rescued spider on the azalea plant.

"Where? Wait a minute—yes, I remember now where, and when, and what! At the Goupil Gallery a week ago; this scarlet spider-web is very much like one of the 'drawings' of Mr. Jacob Epstein!"

Germaine smiled indulgently. "How you do exaggerate!" said she. "Why, this looks like nothing at all, except, perhaps, *macaroni à la tomate*, that would be all tomato and no macaroni!"

Exaggerate! I! Now, being born in sunny Gascony, I am all the more sensitive to any accusation of exaggeration.

"Put on your hat," said I. "Come, see, and believe!" And off we went to Regent Street to gasp at The London Group.

On the threshold Germaine stopped and opened two immense and incredulous eyes. "Oh, *Chérie*, is that Futurist?"

"No, dear, it is Futureless! It is meant to *épater le bourgeois*, as we say in French slang, or, weakly translated, to make the suburban sit up, forgetting that now Suburbia refuses to be flabbergasted, that not only does it deny its power to be surprised or indignant, but that now it is Suburbia itself holds the brush. Look, look, look, can't you see that all this is not fantasy, fantasy the erratic or the divine; it is not *outré* sublimity, unruly impetuosity; it is not the *élan* limitless; neither is it instinct, lawless and yet certain! This, Germaine, is deliberate, belaboured *bourgeoise* ineptitude. Imagine a disobedient donkey who would call itself Pegasus to excuse its disobedience, and kick on all sides and at all things to show its independence! Imagine John Bull, ample of waistcoat, thick of soles, heavy with his own importance, imagine him trying to pirouette, slash the air with

his heels, and wave from the hips like a bulrush in the wind, *à la Nijinsky*! No, English art had so much better be itself, its truthful, painstaking self; not for it the lie splendid, the deception that is a joy in its boldness, the gossamer bag of tricks! The Englishman will never be a great illusionist, he is too honest for that! Ask any sane, straight, and simple English mother if she would like her children to resemble that unfortunate little "Berryl" as seen by S. de Karłowska! What is the S.P.C.C. doing that children can be wantonly depoeised in that way?"

There must be a place in the sun for ugliness. Do not the toads swell under the arum-lily leaves—the hippopotami bathe in the blue lagoons? Who does not love London, the plain, with all his heart? And apropos of London, the "Bedford Square" of Miss A. H. Hudson is a magical evoker of the dreadful

deadness of some London bits. My soul grows nostalgic as I look, and I could cry for the reality of it. Her "Garden" is also one of the few sincere things in the three rooms. Her manner is rough but frank; this is a real garden, this is a real woman sitting in it; the light falling on her, wherever the shady tree will let it, is a real English sun. One breathes better after the peep in her garden.

There is something above beauty, and that is truth. English art is not the sort of art that can successfully trifle with truth. A vain effort can be admirable, failure can be respectable, but plodding nonsense is ridiculous and irritating. English artists following the capricious lead of foreign Futurists make me think of a German frau in a French frock, of middle age learning to lisp in imitation of childhood. Oh, the shame of sham! We have passed the age of crude fumbings; why pretend primitiveness? To boast about achievement is hateful; but to boast, nay, to glory in maladroitness is an insult to one's epoch and to one's contemporaries.

Germaine stops in front of a woman's figure. The flesh of it is unhealthy, the anatomy repulsive. She has the curved-out legs of a jockey, the shapeless feet of a Christian (as a Mussulman would say), only more so, the deflated thorax of the town-bred. Her conceit must be great that she should dare show herself without clothes! Unamiable-looking plants of a prickly persuasion flourish in her vicinity.

"'Jealousy,' by Renée Finch," I read aloud. "Why not a monster pure and simple, a beast with jade eyes instead of that unappetising female with jaded eyes?"

"Jealousy, what?" muses Germaine. "Jealousy, I suppose, must be painful!"



ENGAGED TO MISS ADA THOMAS: SIR THOMAS HEATH, K.C.B., F.R.S.

Sir Thomas has been Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury and Auditor of the Civil List since last year. He was born in 1861.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO SIR THOMAS HEATH, K.C.B., F.R.S.: MISS ADA THOMAS.

Miss Ada Mary Thomas is the well-known pianist, and is the daughter of Major E. C. Thomas, formerly Adjutant of the Duke of York's Royal Military School.

Photograph by Lafayette.



PRESENTED AT COURT RECENTLY BY HER MOTHER: LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX.

Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox is the younger daughter of the Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She was born in 1896.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

“O Moments Big as Years!”

FOR SALE



No. VIII.—WHEN WE SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT WE HAVE FORGOTTEN EVERY WORD IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDBY.



THE CONFESSION OF ARNOLD BENNETT: A BOOK OF 1900 REISSUED.*

From Nothing to £200 a Year.

Mr. Arnold Bennett became an author at the age of eleven. The master under whom he sat at school ordered all the boys to write a poem on Courage. Only one other youngster even attempted verse, and the opposition had "cribbed." So the lad Bennett was crowned with the rich gift. A story was the next demand. Bennett alone answered it. Then he turned to water-colours; house-decoration of the æsthetic style then exploited and explained by the *Girl's Own Paper*; then to the writing of fiction for the local papers—not successfully—and to a post as a regular contributor, without salary, on one of those same organs. His notes were bright. He could scintillate on the tram-lines, badly laid. But he wanted more. At twenty-one he migrated to London, "with no definite ambition and no immediate object save to escape from an intellectual and artistic environment which had long been excessively irksome." Provincial journalism, "without meed in coin," had lost the charm of novelty; but he made no attempt to storm Fleet Street. For over two years he earned his living in a solicitor's office, first scantily as shorthand clerk, then more regally—£200 per annum—as a clerk. At this period he became a bibliophile, got to know and to buy books. A short time, and the thumb of his Fate turned up again. He took up his quarters in the abode of some artists at Chelsea, and learned the art and craft of beauty. Next he won a prize of twenty guineas for the best humorous condensation of a sensational serial which had just finished in a popular weekly. That was his first pen-money.

Three pence an Hour.

Free-lancing followed—"the humiliating part of my career," he calls it. "The free-lance is a tramp touting for odd jobs." His earnings in the mass did not exceed three pence an hour. He wrote short stories. One of them he sent to the editor of a popular weekly with a circulation of a quarter of a million. It came back. The *Yellow Book*, then in apogee, published it.

On a Lady's Paper.

Came a day upon which Mr. Bennett, suddenly, became assistant editor of a lady's paper—£150 a year for one whole day and four half-days a week. He left the solicitor's office. His new duties included the production of paragraphs over the signature "Gwendolen." Once he made a terrible mistake: he gave a page of layette illustrations the title "Cut-to-measure Patterns Supplied." But in time he was appointed editor, and found the usual difficulties. "Oh . . . that thrice-mysterious 'public taste' which has to be aimed at in the dark and hit! . . . To devise the contents of an issue, to plan them, to balance them; to sail with this wind and tack against that; to keep a sensitive,

cool finger on the faintly beating pulse of the terrible, many-headed patron; to walk in a straight line through a forest black as midnight; to guess the riddle of the circulation-book week by week; to know by instinct why Smiths' sent in a repeat-order, or why Simpkins' was ten quires less; to keep one eye on the majestic march of the world, and the other on the vagaries of a bazaar-reporter who has forgotten the law of libel—these things, and seventy-seven others, are the real journalism."

A £1 Novel and Other Work.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett had sold his first novel—for a five per cent. royalty, on a three-and-sixpenny book. His profit exceeded the cost of having the story typewritten by the sum of one sovereign. Also, he taught journalism, wrote dramatic criticisms, reviewed. "I succeeded at first," he notes, "by dint of ignoring one of the elementary laws of journalism—to wit, that editors do not accept reviews from casual outsiders. I wrote a short review of a French work and sent it to the *Illustrated London News*—always distinguished for its sound literary criticism. Any expert would have told me I was wasting labour and postage. Nevertheless, the review was accepted, printed, and handsomely paid for." As to pay (it must be remembered always that Mr. Bennett wrote this book in 1900) the author says, "As a journeyman author, with the ability and inclination to turn my pen in any direction at request, I long ago established a rule never to work for less than ten shillings an hour on piece-work. If an editor commissioned an article, he received from me as much fundamental brain-power and as much time as the article demanded—up to the limit of his pay in terms of hours at ten shillings apiece. Of course, when I am working on my own initiative, for the sole advancement of my artistic reputation, I ignore finance—think of glory alone."



MAYOR OF THE PARK PARLIAMENT:
MR. S. BUTTERWORTH IN HIS CHAIN OF
OFFICE OF SOUVENIR MEDALS.

That curious Society, the Park Parliament, of Rochdale, has just reassembled after the winter recess and has elected its officers for the year. It consists of about fifty old men, who meet every week-day in Broadfield Park, where the Rochdale Corporation grants the use of a shelter, heated with a stove. One or other of the members reads out interesting items from the daily papers, and duly regulated discussion follows.

Photograph by L.N.A.



MELBOURNE INMAN'S THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP VICTORY OVER REECE IN THREE YEARS:
LORD LONSDALE PRESENTING THE CUP TO THE PLAYER.

Melbourne Inman won the Professional Billiard Championship easily the other day, beating Reece by 5174 points in their match of 18,000 up, and so winning his third victory over his opponent in the Championship in three years. Lord Lonsdale presented the cup.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

The Coming of Success.

So Mr. Bennett pursued his way, turning out fiction and what not, until he wrote a curtain-raiser which was presented before "an audience of some thirty immortal souls—of course very sympathetic immortal souls." As sequel to this was a little book of one-act farces for amateurs; then a curtain-raiser which was sold to a famous manager; and, in collaboration, a drawing-room melodrama which was bought by another manager. He had "arrived." He is cynical about it: "I have not spoken of the artistic side of this play-concoction, because it scarcely has any. My aim in writing plays, whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial (once more, written in 1900). I wanted money in heaps, and I wanted advertise-

ment for my books. . . . I am neither Sardou, Sudermann, nor George R. Sims, but I know what I am talking about, and I say that dramatic composition for the market is child's-play compared to the writing of decent average fiction—provided one has an instinct for stage effect."

* "The Truth About an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net.) Written in 1900; first published in 1903.

QUINTESSENTIALLY GEORGIAN!

FOR SALE.



THE IRATE COLLECTOR: Look here, I bought this candlestick as antique—in fact, you guaranteed it to be Georgian; and here's the beastly date on it, nineteen twelve!

THE CURIO-DEALER: Exactly, Sir; nineteen twelve: decidedly Georgian.

DRAWN BY G. E. STEADY



A Novel in a Nutshell

THE MAROONERS.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

"YOU see how it is for yourself, Tom," said Captain Bowers dolefully; "the missus is all right—not a better little woman in the world. She'd ask no better than to do as I tell her and have things right and shipshape at home, only her mother won't let her. Kind of talent for nagging some women are born with, and when they were serving it out Mrs. Briggs got a double share. Of course, Briggs being dead, there don't seem any way out of the old woman living with us. But it's a pity he ain't alive, that's all. Only I suppose with a wife like that one couldn't expect it. Minnie doesn't take after her mother—that's one comfort. But you've seen for yourself how it is. And I don't mind telling you I've had enough of it—more than enough of it. I'm getting desperate. One of these days I'll do something."

"Aye, aye," said the mate thoughtfully. He was a red-headed, red-moustached seaman of thirty, with a well-spring of sentiment in his heart for almost all women. He never thought of them except as in shrines, and consequently when he met one who could not be put in a shrine she became an offence to him. She jarred! Mrs. Briggs could not be put in a shrine. He had had the misfortune to have tea in the captain's house, and had to listen to a running commentary on his superior's table manners, meanness over money, tendency to drink, and other bad habits and general unworthiness. It had rendered him supremely uncomfortable, and he now lent a sympathetic ear to the captain's side of the story, whilst his eye travelled down from the dock edge to the trawler *Fluke*, from whose deck three hands were busy removing the stains of the last cargo.

"Aye, aye," he said again. "Do something! Do something? Aye, aye, Captain. But the question is—what?"

"That's the question, Tom," said the skipper. "That's the question. And if you were to ask me, I'd say, I don't know."

"No use telling her to get out of the house?" asked the mate.

"No use at all," said Captain Bowers. "She wouldn't go."

"No use telling your wife to tell her?"

The captain shook his head.

"Minnie couldn't do it," he said. "After all, she's her mother. I'm not a rich man," he continued, after a pause spent in contemplating possibilities, "but I'd give a couple of fivers to the man that'd show me a real practical plan for getting rid of her."

The mate's eye gleamed. Amongst the various women whom he enshrined there was one particular young woman who occupied a special shrine more sacred than all the others. Ten pounds would go towards an engagement-ring.

"I don't say I haven't a plan, Sir," he said, "if you're prepared to go the length of it."

"Anything short of murder, Tom," replied the skipper. "And if it comes off, the ten pounds is yours."

"Well," said the mate slowly, "it's what was common enough and easy enough a couple of hundred years ago, and I don't see why it shouldn't work yet. Why not take her to sea with you and maroon her somewhere?"

"Talk sense, Tom," said the skipper snappishly. "First and foremost, she wouldn't come near the boat."

"As far as that goes," said the mate, "I fancy I could manage it."

"If you could do that, Tom Rigby," said the skipper impressively, "there might be a chance. But then—there ain't no place to maroon her. The world's too small nowadays."

"I don't know about that," answered the mate pensively. "There's many a lonely stretch on the coast of Norway that'd suit right enough. I wouldn't let that stand in your way, Cap'n."

"You don't mean to say as you'd leave her up there on a desolate island to starve, Tom?" said Captain Bowers indignantly. "Because, bad as she is, I wouldn't go as far as that. It might get out, and then where should we be?"

"No, no," said Mr. Rigby hastily; "not that, of course. But there's lots of little villages there that we might land her near—places with half-a-dozen houses and one of those footling little wooden churches. We might drop her near one of them. She'd be sure to find it. And then, not knowing the language, she'd be pretty well forced to stay there for a bit. And by the time she'd learnt it, she'd be taking such pleasure in nagging at any young couple that might have taken her in that perhaps she'd not think of coming home at all."

Captain Bowers pondered. It was a daring—even a desperate—plan. But had he not said he was desperate? He turned to the mate.

"If you can get her on board, Tom," he said, "I'll sail this evening."

"Ten pounds then?" said the mate.

"Ten pounds it is! But hold on—what'll we tell the missus when we get back?"

"She fell overboard," said the mate glibly. "Your wife'd feel it a bit at first, but she'd get over it."

"I'll do it then," said Captain Bowers with determination. "But how are you going to get her on board?"

"Give me a free hand, and she'll be on board ten minutes before high tide," said the mate. "You keep clear of your cabin and of the boat until the time comes for sailing. I'll do the rest."

"I trust you, Tom," said the skipper.

"And what about the ten pounds?"

"Oh, you'll trust me too—until the job's finished."

It was getting on for half-past six, and high tide was at eight. The mate waited for three-quarters of an hour, and then betook himself to the captain's home. It was a small house of red brick, with a bow-window, neatly curtained. As he stood outside the door he was visited by a momentary compunction. Minnie was a good-looking young woman, and had gained his entire approval, yet now he was about to deprive her of her mother. His cheeks burned. But in a sense it would be for her good, and he was pledged. He rang the bell. Fortune favoured him. Mrs. Briggs herself answered his summons. She stood before him in the door, a tall, gaunt woman, her head a little on one side, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Glad to see you, Ma'am," said the mate. "Fact is, I was wanting a word with you."

Mrs. Briggs waited unmoved.

"I couldn't help hearing some of the things you said about the old man this afternoon, Ma'am," went on Mr. Rigby uneasily. "Hard things they was! Hard things!"

Mrs. Briggs sniffed.

"Not half as hard as he deserved," she said emphatically.

The mate lowered his voice mysteriously. "I know," he said, "I know."

Mrs. Briggs glanced at him curiously.

"What do you know?" she snapped.

"You said he ate with his knife," answered the mate. "You said as he was close about money. You said as he went on the spree. But there was one thing you didn't say—and that was as he was running another young woman as well as his wife."

"The villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs, drawing a long breath. "The wicked villain! Who is the minx?"

"I don't know her name," replied the mate with entire truthfulness. "But there's a photograph of her on his cabin table. And there's a bundle of letters in his drawer. He ain't on the ship at the moment. You could see them for yourself if you had a mind."

Mrs. Briggs was a woman of decision where trouble was to be made. "You wait here, Mr. Rigby," she said; "I'll get my cloak and hat and come straight down."

She was as good as her word, and in a couple of minutes the two were treading the narrow and intricate maze of streets which led to the docks. Once the mate hung back, consulting his watch, but Mrs. Briggs urged him on. He complied, feeling that he had calculated the time with sufficient accuracy. At ten minutes before high tide, they reached the boat and descended into the cabin, watched by the skipper from the shelter of a fish-curing shed.

Once in the cabin, Mrs. Briggs looked about her for the tell-tale photograph. It was nowhere to be seen. Indignantly she turned upon the mate. He met her eye uneasily. Then with startling suddenness, he looked towards the door and held up a warning hand. "The skipper!" he whispered; and then bawled aloud, "Aye, aye, Sir! Aye, aye, Sir. Coming! Coming!" With a muttered injunction to caution, he went out quickly, locking the door behind him. Ten minutes later the *Fluke* was thrashing the muddy waters of the Humber on her way to the North Sea.

An hour later, Captain Bowers and his mate discussed the difficult question of her release.

"You put her in there," said the skipper; "you'd better let her out."

Mr. Rigby looked uneasy.

"I don't think that that'd do at all, Sir," he said; "it'd come more natural if you were to do it."

"Why?" demanded Captain Bowers suspiciously.

"Well, Sir," answered Mr. Rigby, "she knows I got her here. But she don't know that you've had anything to do with it. All you've got to do is to go down into your cabin easy and natural-like, not knowing as anyone's there. You sees that she's there, and you're surprised. You asks her the reason, and she puts it on to me. Then you can pitch it into me as hard as you like before her, and she won't suspect you an atom."

"There's something in that, Tom," said the captain thoughtfully. He pondered a moment, turned on his heel and went down

(Continued overleaf.)

UNWAVERING DIVOTION!

FOR SALE.



THE CADDIE (*elevated with the turf*): Never mind, Sir, you've moved the ball.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

into his cabin. An angry female, very white in the face owing to the combined effects of temper and mal-de-mer, confronted him. His surprise was admirable.

"Why, Mrs. Briggs!" he said, "what's brought you here?"

"Well, you know what's brought me here," answered Mrs. Briggs wrathfully.

"I never even knew that you were here," answered the skipper, with a vague recollection of something he had read about "Ananias defying the lightning." "And as for what's brought you, I can't imagine."

"Where's the photograph of that young female that the mate said you was keeping in your cabin?" demanded Mrs. Briggs scornfully; "and where's that bundle of letters?"

"Tom said I was keeping females in my cabin?" cried Captain Bowers angrily; "I never did such a thing in my life."

"Don't you try to get out of it that way," retorted Mrs. Briggs, with vicious emphasis. "He said as you was keeping photographs of females in your cabin. As Minnie's mother, I came down to see; and I insist on seeing."

The skipper was virtuously indignant.

"Come up on deck, Ma'am," he said; "I'll have it out with the mate and you shall hear me."

"There's another thing to settle," said Mrs. Briggs, panting hard; "and that's your bringing me to sea. But one thing at a time. I'll hear what you've got to say to the mate, and then you'll turn this ship back and put me on shore."

"As to that, Ma'am, it can't be done," answered her son-in-law with a certain satisfaction. "Duty's duty, and this ship has a trip to make. But come on and hear what I've got to say to Tom."

Mrs. Briggs by no means relinquished her intention of being put ashore, but she kept quiet and with some difficulty followed the skipper up the companion. Arrived on deck, Captain Bowers sought the mate and heaped vituperation upon his head. His efforts would have satisfied the furies, let alone a woman, and even the mate felt that he was carrying the thing too far. When he had quite finished all he had to say, Mrs. Briggs returned to the subject of putting the ship about. When told that it was not to be thought of, she, too, became vituperative, and to an extent which convinced the captain that he was the merest amateur at the game. And it was a fortunate circumstance that the rising sea cut short her brief account of his pedigree and sent her below not caring very greatly what port she reached, or even whether she ever reached any port at all.

"I don't wonder as you want to get rid of her, Sir," said the mate, his injuries forgotten in sympathy. "If she was my wife's mother, I wouldn't stop this ship until she reached Tierra del Fuego, not if I had to beg a handful of coal from every tramp we passed."

But Captain Bowers was sullen.

"I'm not saying she hadn't some excuse," he answered. "You went a bit too far in what you said."

"You gave me a free hand," expostulated the mate.

"I know," answered the skipper; "but I didn't mean you to deal yourself a trump card like that in it."

"It was a trump card," suggested the mate softly; "it got her on board. I couldn't have done it without."

"Well, there's one thing," answered the captain, a little mollified; "we've got to go through with it now. I can't take her back with that tale in her head. It'd be no use my denying it. It'd stick to me to the end of my days. Minnie'd come to believe it, too. Women'll believe anything if it's told 'em often enough."

Having given utterance to this aphorism—which, by the way, accounts for most of the marriages on this earth of ours—Captain Bowers set a course N.E. by N., and went below to take the mate's cabin for his own. When the mate found it out later, his sense of his subordination and the consequent impossibility of saying what he felt galled him more sorely than it had ever done before.

They encountered dirty weather during the crossing, and Mrs. Briggs did not appear again on deck until the fifth day. Then, feeling that the boat was in calm waters, she came up, to find the boat in a landlocked bay surrounded by high and desolate mountains. On the shore of the fiord, about a mile away, a tiny hamlet of the type of which the mate had spoken nestled by the water's edge. Captain Bowers and the mate were talking together. They had the air of conspirators, and she approached them at once, feeling it incumbent upon her to know what was going on.

"Is this where you do your fishing?" she asked sceptically.

"No, Ma'am," answered the mate boldly, seeing his superior uneasily silent. "A woman as knows the sea as you do knows that we don't do fishing except in open waters."

"Then what are you doing here?" she snapped.

"Fact is," said the mate confidentially, "we've a bit of business here. The captain's going home with a pocketful of gold this trip, Ma'am—to buy presents for yourself and the missus. I don't need to name the business when I say it's a bit of smuggling. All quiet, you understand. But we'll be lying here for the rest of the day, and if you'd like to go ashore and stretch your legs a bit, I'll take you over in the boat."

"What country is it?" demanded Mrs. Briggs.

"Holland," answered the mate, with a rapid wink at Captain Bowers.

"I thought Holland was flat," said Mrs. Briggs, looking suspiciously at the lofty mountains which shut in the bay.

"Parts of it is," replied the mate promptly, "and again, parts of it isn't."

"Well, I'm not saying I wouldn't like to feel a bit of land under my feet," said Mrs. Briggs, after a pause. "And I might as well go as stay here, where there's nothing but a smell of bad fish. You can let me know when you're ready."

A quarter of an hour later, the mate rowed her in towards the land. Beside him in the boat were one or two parcels carefully folded in brown paper. He explained them as contraband goods.

Once ashore, he moored the boat, and, in company with Mrs. Briggs, set out towards the hamlet, where, he explained, the business was to be accomplished. They had gone about half a mile when he turned upon her, with a red face, and thrust the packages upon her.

"Here's a packet of sandwiches, Ma'am," he said. "And here's a soda-water bottle full of milk. And there's a village. And—and—good-bye, and good luck—and God bless you—only we don't want you any more."

He turned and bolted for the boat. Mrs. Briggs gazed after him with amazement. She lost a good hundred yards' start before any hint of the meaning of the manoeuvre came to her. Then she pursued him, shouting. But the chase was hopeless. The mate had reached the boat and was rowing towards the ship by the time she came down to the shore. And she shook her fist and screamed out alternate curses and entreaties as she saw the *Fluke* up anchor and swing out of the bay until it was lost behind the southern promontory.

That evening the skipper and the mate discussed the matter gloomily. "It seems a bit hard, Tom," said Captain Bowers. "And I almost wish as you hadn't done it."

"As we hadn't done it," corrected the mate. "You'll get over it, Captain," he continued; but his tone lacked conviction.

"I hope she'll come to no real harm," said the skipper. "You see, they'll not have seen anything like her in Norway before."

"Oh, she'll go to that village," answered the mate cheerfully; "and in a bit of time she'll be as much at home as if she'd been born there. You'll see."

"Well, it's done," said the skipper. "And what's done is done. I daren't take her aboard again even if I could."

"Yes, it's done," assented the mate. "And, seeing that it is done, what about that ten pounds?"

"It's blood-money, Tom," said the skipper.

"Blood-money or not, I'm having it," replied the mate callously.

Captain Bowers sighed. Then he drew forth a pocket-book and handed over a couple of notes. The mate brushed the fish-scales off them, and pocketed them with a beatific vision of a wedding-ring and a home without a mother-in-law. For the time no more was said.

Providence could not look on unmoved at such doings, and the weather they encountered upon their way back was infinitely worse than that which had embarrassed their outward journey. It blew a gale. A breakdown in the engine-room added to their difficulties, and it was ten days later when the *Fluke*, with a storm-beaten and taciturn captain, an uneasy mate, and a crew that looked askance at both of them, came into Hull once more. The skipper prepared for home, and ordered the mate to accompany him. Mr. Rigby would fain have excused himself, but his captain would take no denial.

"It's no use, Tom," he said; "I can't face Minnie by myself—not at first, at any rate. You've got to come with me and break the sad news to her."

They paused at a shop to buy a couple of decent black ties and a bit of crape for their sleeves. Having paid this tribute to the memory of the marooned one, they proceeded to the house, where the skipper let himself in. Mrs. Bowers, a pretty, fair-haired young woman, met them in the passage. She was clad in black, and, without a word, motioned them into the parlour. There was a moment of uneasy silence. "Jonathan," said Mrs. Bowers, looking at the skipper anxiously, "do you know where mother is?"

The skipper looked at the mate and the mate at the skipper. Then each produced a handkerchief, and, after mopping his eyes, blew his nose violently.

"She went to sea with us," said Captain Bowers solemnly. "She would come—stowed away. I never found out she was on board until it was too late."

"And have you brought her back?" asked his wife.

Once again the skipper shook his head.

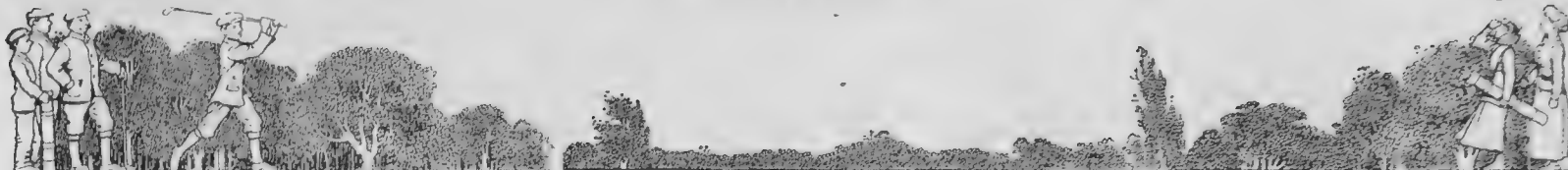
"It's a sad story," he said. "Wind coming puffy out of the N.N.E.—wasn't it, Tom? Heavy seas—weren't they, Tom? Boat did a deal of rolling—didn't it, Tom? And she—she went overboard!"

"Aye, aye," said the mate. "That was it. Sea running too heavy to get the boat out. I went in after her myself, but it was no use. I'd never have got back after it, only for a lifebelt the captain flung me. It's a dreadful story."

Mrs. Bowers looked from one to the other.

"It is indeed," she said. "And I don't know how you can find it in your hearts to tell it. Mother was picked up from that place where you put her ashore by an English steam-yacht. They took her to Bergen and sent her home by the Mail boat. She's in the kitchen now. And in a minute she's coming in to tell you what she thinks of you."

The mate gave a smothered oath and bolted. His hurried footsteps echoed down the street. The skipper, after a hopeless glance at the door, braced himself to meet the coming storm. And then Mrs. Briggs came in.



ON THE LINKS

"IN THE SPRING A GOLFER'S FANCY—": PUTTER NOVELTIES: A SUGGESTED WAGER.

Springtime on the Green.

Not to love, not to rhubarb, not to lamb with mint-sauce and new potatoes, and not even to firm turf with a diminishing activity among the worms, do the thoughts of the golfer turn when the almanack informs him that the spring is here. Spring, indeed, is here, albeit not long since rain-clouds burst heavily upon the golfer and he suffered horribly by concussion from hail-stones which seemed as large as, or larger than, the balls with which we play—this latter being a personal reminiscence of my golf a few days back on my happiest South Coast hunting-ground. With the old fever strong in him again, the fancies of the player at this critical period are attracted to the subject of putters. He awakes, when he is called, to a world of putter thoughts and possibilities; he thinks and wonders during the morning; in imagination the cutlery on the luncheon table has some association with the putting problem; and at the restaurants in the City and West End in these days, likewise in the clubs of Piccadilly and St. James's Street, you may see men of solemn countenance take up the spoon that is meant for pudding and gently tap a crumb along with it. Never disturb a person when he is engaged upon such an occupation. It may seem a trifling way, but that man is hard at work—thinking, wondering, trying to invent and discover, grappling with the eternal problem of how to putt the little ball into the large hole which is only two feet away, perhaps less, perhaps more. Unable to concentrate on work for any more time that day, this meditative man telephones to the office, telling the acting manager to sign his letters for him, and goes off to the golf club in the afternoon, for you perceive in these days you may play the game until well past six



INVADING THIS COUNTRY FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. FRED HERRESHOFF, CALLED THE WHIRLWIND SMITER.

Mr. Herreshoff, one of the several well-known American golfers determined to shine in effete Old England, is already here and at practice. He was born in 1888, and has won the Metropolitan Championship and Vermont State Championship.—(Photograph by L.N.A.)

o'clock. But before arranging for a match he visits the professional's shop, toys with one or two new putters, and eventually buys one and goes out practising with it on the green that is specially reserved for such experiments. He thinks he has found it at last, but at nightfall he knows again that he is wrong. Some people, even golfers, consider that much of this is stupid nonsense, and that it would be far better if men fixed on putters that suited them and stuck to them. But let me declare, on the contrary, that when the day comes that a man does not in the spring-time feel a burning desire for a new putter, does not want to buy and to try and to experiment, and to have new hope sent sizzling through his system, the bottom will have been knocked out of this game completely, and neither you nor I will want to play it any more. For the joy of the new putter is as the gladness of golf itself.

New Sorts of Putters. So it always happens at the beginning of

every new season that there is a fresh supply of new ideas in putter-construction forward. Long since, it appeared that the limits of human ingenuity and freakishness in this matter had been exhausted, but each spring proves the contrary. Jack White, who has been—and still is, for that matter—one of the best putters who have ever holed a ball, has brought out a new thing which has been described as a "cellular ventilated" putter, and the name does seem to suggest that it is something uncommon. Then the other day I saw a professional selling with the rapidity of hot cakes a quite novel kind of instrument which had a plain but rather thick iron head, and a hollow square metal shaft not more than about a quarter of an inch in diameter. It looked too original to be in the very best of golfing taste, but there is no denying the exquisite balance that it possessed, and the sense of complete and most delicate control of the head that it yielded. Things that seemed to help it were the squareness of the metal shaft and the square handle that it had.



THE AMERICAN INVADER OF THIS COUNTRY WHOSE PLAY WILL AROUSE THE GREATEST INTEREST: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET, OF THE UNSHAKABLE NERVES.

It will be remembered that Mr. Ouimet outplayed Vardon and Ray in the United States last year and won the American Open Golf Championship. At that time, he was twenty. He is an ex-caddie. He is described as having unshakable nerves.

Photograph by Sport and General.

then has been experimenting and practising—not with very great success, it is believed. The first putter to which he gave attention was the variety to which Harry Vardon attached himself two or three years ago, and with which he still putts. Some people love what they call a gamble—a very long-odds chance—and here, then, is a speculation for them: Mr. Jerome Travers to win the amateur championship, and putting with the flat board arrangement invented by the Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, and used with great effect by Jean Gassiat, ex-French champion, and others. I have difficulty in calculating what the proper odds would be in a case of this kind, but the golfers of Lloyd's would let the backer off very lightly, and if he had a "pony" on and the unexpected did happen, he would not need to worry about simple bread-and-cheese any more. Here is a chance for a fine sporting bet over the friendly Anglo-American rivalry in golf.—HENRY LEACH.

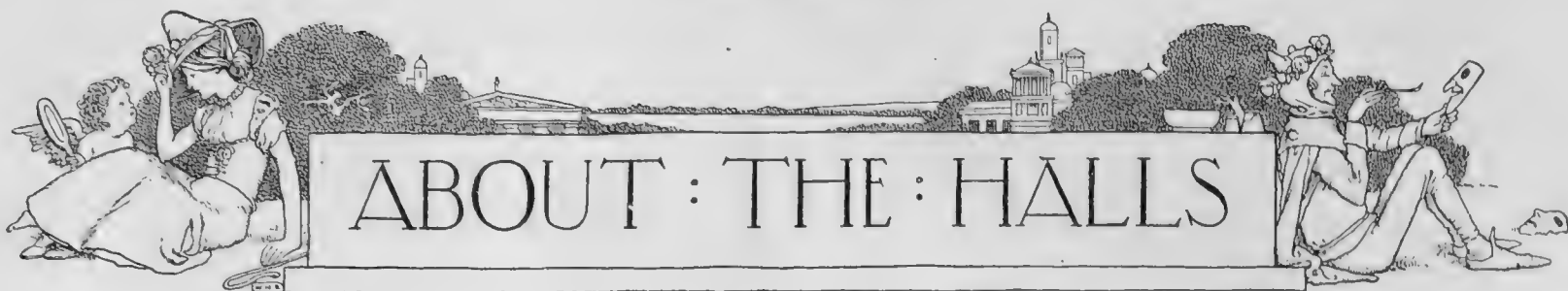
The Troubles of Mr. Travers.

Mr. Jerome Travers, the American candidate for amateur championship honours, being himself the amateur champion of his own country now and not for the first time, is a man to whom new and good ideas in putters appeal powerfully at the present time. At home he is strongly and exclusively attached to the celebrated Schenectady, which a few years ago was made illegal in Britain, and he had nervous fears that if he came to this country again in quest of the championship, as he once did before, he could never learn to putt with anything else, as would be necessary. He reached England a few days ago, and since



INVADING THIS COUNTRY FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS, OF FINE IRON CLUBS WORK.

Mr. Travers is also on this side of the Herring Pond and has been hard at work practising with Mr. Fred Herreshoff. He was born in 1887, and has won the United States Amateur, the Metropolitan, and the New Jersey State Championships.—(Photograph by L.N.A.)



REVUE AT THE EMPIRE : BURLESQUE AT THE VICTORIA PALACE : WHIRLIGIGS AT THE OXFORD.

MR. ALFRED BUTT has begun his Managing-Directorship of the Empire well. He has with all convenient speed put an end to the career of the revue which languished upon its stage, and has substituted for it another and a much brighter and more attractive piece. This is called "A Mixed Grill," and is from the experienced pen of Mr. W. H. Risque, and the music is the work of Mr. Howard Talbot. Here we find much that is worth doing being done very well indeed. The scenes vary from a Turkish Bath to a Music-Hall Stage and to the Interior of Romano's Restaurant, and, if they are hardly to be compared for splendour with some of their predecessors, are quite sufficient to attract audiences. At the opening we are introduced to Mr. Bernard Shaw and an Old-World Pantaloon, whom Mr. Shaw lures off to the Turkish Bath, where we make the acquaintance of Miss Ida Crispi in the character of Mr. Lloyd George, and of Mr. John Humphries in that of Mrs. Pankhurst. There is much fun in the scene, and more will doubtless be added. We are next taken to a Music-Hall Stage where a problem-play, entitled "The Eternal Triangle," is being performed, and here the company is at its best, evoking continuous laughter from the audience. After some fun outside Romano's, we are admitted to the interior of that restaurant at supper-time, and here the fun waxes very merry again, terminating with a dance, entitled "The Yankee Tangle Tango," danced by Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crispi with tremendous vigour. The show, which takes but little over an hour to play, is very bright, and is more than likely to fill the seats as they have been accustomed to be filled. Though Mr. Fred Farren's make-up as Mr. Granville Barker can hardly be called convincing, his work is skilful and good; while Miss Ida Crispi has a part which fits her like a glove; and all the other characters are well cast. With Miss Phyllis Bedells and Espinosa still dancing at their best in "The Dancing Master," there is now a good programme at the Empire, which will assuredly retain the popularity it showed some little signs of losing.

"The Red Heads."

A visit the other evening to the Victoria Palace gave me an opportunity of witnessing a very bright and exhilarating entertainment. It was called "The Red Heads," and was the work of Mr. William Le Baron, the music being composed by Mr. Robert Hood Bowers and Mr. Herman Darewski. It describes itself in the programme as a burlesque and not as a revue, which raised

hope eternal in the human breast which was very grateful and comforting. And, truth to tell, it did actually turn on a story, the story of the daughter of a San Francisco millionaire, who had fled from home in order to avoid a matrimonial alliance planned for her by her father with an Italian Count. Being

gifted with hair of the auburn variety, she makes her way to the establishment of Jacob Kaufski, who has issued an advertisement to ladies of her capillary attractions, in order to show off a series of costumes for the purpose of securing the patronage of Mr. Ted Morgan, who is buyer for a big San Francisco firm. A lady detective from home arrives in search of the fugitive and the five thousand dollars reward which has been offered by her father, but she is shielded by Mr. Ted Morgan, to whom she becomes engaged in the finale. That is all the plot there is, but it is quite sufficient for its purpose, and the result is an extremely gay and well-played little piece. The part of Mr. Kaufski finds a most able exponent in Mr. Nat Carr, and Mr.



HOW MR. LLOYD GEORGE WOULD ENJOY DOING THIS! TAPPING A SKELETON FOR MONEY—MR. OSWALD WILLIAMS AS THE CHANCELLOR.

George Austin Moore is capital as the ultimate bridegroom; while Miss Cordelia Haager is quite effective as the runaway, and Miss Ivy Sheppard makes much of the Lady Sleuth. The pleasantly imagined gowns of the other ladies of the red-headed variety are worn by a collection of extremely comely damsels. The humour is fresh and sparkling, the music is all that it need be, and the whole thing is as bright and attractive as could possibly be wished.

A Thrill.

At the Oxford there is now to be seen a highly sensational turn. It is provided by M. Noiset, who appears upon what he picturesquely describes as "La Table du Diable," which consists of a large circular contrivance upon the stage, upon which he executes his bicycling feats. This contrivance is attached to an electric mechanism which sends it spinning round at a terrific rate, and after some feats of riding when it is stationary, the mechanism is set in motion, and M. Noiset proceeds to ride upon the revolving platform, first upon a motor-cycle and next upon an ordinary one. He rides against the motion of the platform, and sometimes it almost looks as if he must be carried away by the violence of the spinning, but he successfully accomplishes what he has set out to do, and receives the ringing cheers of the audience. M. Noiset does all this extremely well, and makes the show eminently exciting. It may not really be so dangerous as it appears to be, but it certainly does look exceedingly perilous, and the eye-witness is terrified to think what would happen if the motor-bicycle suddenly declined to act, for the platform is whirling round at a terrific rate. However, all passes without a crash, and the Oxford is to be congratulated upon the success of the turn.—ROVER.



NO DOUBT HE WOULD LOWER THE INCOME TAX THEN! WHAT MR. LLOYD GEORGE COULD DO IF HE WERE REALLY A CHAMPION COIN-MANIPULATOR!

Here is Mr. Oswald Williams, the illusionist, made-up as Mr. Lloyd George and showing how easily the Chancellor could get money if he were only a champion coin-manipulator and could add magic to his gifts. Mr. Williams also presents as modern wizards Mr. John Redmond, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. Winston Churchill. His First Lord of the Admiralty produces a fleet of one hundred "Dreadnoughts" from a small hand-bag.



WOLVES IN THE FOLD: MOTORISTS WHO GIVE CAUSE TO THE PEDESTRIAN TO BLASPHEME.

The Hustling Driver.

There is only one real enemy to motoring. The dust fiend has been scotched wherever road authorities have done their duty, and could even be entirely eliminated; people have come to realise that if taxicabs can rush about London at twenty miles an hour there is no harm in doing thirty or even more upon country roads; and if police-trapping were abandoned in the particular districts where it is practised, in marked contrast to the huge areas where it is unknown, we should hear no more about unpopular motorists—always excepting the one enemy who perpetuates ill-feeling. This is the hustling driver. He is very definitely in the minority, but none the less sufficiently in evidence to make his presence felt. If there is one thing which distinguishes the present-day motor-car from its prototypes, it is its flexibility of control and its entire adaptability to all the circumstances of road use. No longer is there the slightest necessity to keep the car on the go lest a check should mean a change of speed; nowadays, even on small cars, one may slow down almost to a standstill and yet accelerate on the top gear. This flexibility, indeed, has created a new pleasure in driving. Nothing is more enjoyable, in lieu of the old desire to press forward, than to take things easily throughout and feel absolutely indifferent to the exigencies of traffic. The engine has always plenty in hand, and there is vastly more fun in noting how it will rise to the occasion than in endeavouring to force one's way at the highest possible speed. Some drivers there are, however, to whom hustling is second nature; while others, even if passive enough in private life, appear to be utterly dominated by the pull of the engine and unwilling to retard it except when absolutely compelled to do so in self-defence. Not only does this class of driver annoy all other users of the road, including fellow-motorists of more considerate disposition, but he provides excuses to the police for the continuance of the trapping system.

Speed in Roehampton Lane.

As an illustration to the point I may mention a recent experience of my own. I was driving up Roehampton Lane, within the scheduled area of the ten-miles-an-hour limit, and was going very easily accordingly, with an eye to the speedometer. Suddenly the harsh note of a barking horn was heard at close quarters, and a car rushed by me at from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. This was at a point, moreover, where this well-known narrow lane is particularly dangerous by reason of the concealed side roads; and though I do not believe in ten-miles limits as such, I know from many years' experience of Roehampton Lane that it is no place for fast driving. If a police-trap had been working at the time, the man would, of

course, have been nailed on the spot; and while I should have been sorry to see him victimised if he had been merely exceeding the legal limit without doing any harm, in the case in question he would only have met with his deserts if he had been summoned. What on earth the man could have thought to gain by tearing along this narrow, tortuous lane, within the scheduled area, in the manner above described I am utterly at a loss to know; but, if he pursued the same policy throughout the remainder of his journey, he must have earned the distinction of doing more harm to the cause of motoring than the careful driving of thousands of other motorists could undo.

The Raucous Horn.

And why, moreover, do many car-owners depend solely upon that type of horn which gives a sudden, startling, and offensive note to anyone within the immediate vicinity? It has its advantages, and may be legitimately employed on the open road when there is a sleepy carter ahead who has to be woke up from his nap; but to use this barking horn in a narrow lane, with high side walls which accentuate the harshness of its note, is to the last degree indefensible and objectionable. It should certainly be incumbent on those people who use this type of horn to fit an ordinary bulb hooter in addition, using the latter for ordinary purposes and the "barker" only

in emergency. The careless pedestrian has quite enough to answer for: why give him reasonable cause for complaint by needlessly startling him out of his wits?

Final Entries for the Tourist Trophy.

The entry-list is now closed for the Tourist Trophy Race, which is to take place in the Isle of Man on June 10 and 11. Contrary to precedent, the people who did make up their minds to compete

did so quickly, and the final list contains the names of only three late comers—namely, the Sava, the Rawlinson - Hudson, and the Crossley, each represented by a single car. In all, therefore, there will be twenty-four competitors, and they comprise three Minervas, three Humbers, three Sunbeams, three Vauxhalls, three Adlers, two Straker-Squires, two Stars, a Martini, a D.F.P., and the three late entrants mentioned above. Fifteen out of the twenty-four cars will be of English origin, entered by seven firms, as against nine Continental cars and five firms. There are some notable absentees, such as the Talbot, Argyll, Arrol - Johnston, and others, but the race



SUPPLIED TO LORD ANDERSON, SCOTCH LORD OF SESSION:
A 16-20-H.P. SUNBEAM CABRIOLET.

Andrew Macbeth Anderson, Lord Anderson, became Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1911, and a Judge of the Court of Session last year. He has been M.P. for the Northern Division of Ayrshire.



A CAPITAL CAR: A 14-18-H.P. ADLER OUTSIDE A PICTURESQUE ENGLISH HOME.

Photograph by May.

should none the less be a good one. It will be divided into two stages of 300 miles each, with eight laps per day. The first prize is the Tourist Trophy and £1000, with a second prize of £250, a team prize of £300, and a fuel prize of £100 for the best performance on a fuel other than exclusively petrol.



THE people who are keenest to go to Artists' Balls and Fleet Street Revels are generally those for whom the so-called Bohemianism of the studio and the Street of Adventure has not been spoiled by daily contact. It is only a man like the Duke of

Sutherland who finds it worth while to pay fifty pounds at the last moment for a ticket for one of the over-subscribed functions at the Albert Hall. To anybody less remotely connected with the revel the figure seems extravagant, and so does the behaviour of two young women, both known in London Society, who were obliged to deceive the doorkeeper at a certain great fancy-dress gathering. They had one ticket between them, which the younger used. After the first dance she strolled out past the door-keeper, to whom she nodded, to get fresh air.

recall to Lady Randolph a whole chapter of restaurant memories. The restaurant is one of her subjects. She knew London when the only possible place for a lady was the St. James's, now the Berkeley; there, in a small, dingy room, lighted by gas, one got an apology for a meal. To appear in town in full evening dress, or to smoke, was impossible, and that not long ago! And impossible until quite recently would have been the Melba party.

A Woman of a World.

Though Knebworth is let, the Dowager Lady Lytton lives in a little dower-house near to the temples and the groves that her father-in-law, the Bulwer Lytton of the novels, loved to plan. Still as delightful in her manner as when she was a Vicereine in

India and an Ambassador in

Paris, Lady Lytton loves the life of a Hertfordshire hamlet; and, despite her large monetary losses, she knows what wealth she possesses in her children. "We must have the Peerage," said the first Lytton to his son; and no sooner said than done. The second Lytton raised the Barony into an Earldom, the present holder of which may yet erect it into a Marquessate. No one is quite so well equipped as he for an important Governor-Generalship, and he has a wife to match. His younger brother, Mr. Neville Lytton, is fine at paints and famous at tennis. Of his three sisters one, Lady Betty Balfour, is an excellent writer; Lady Emily Lutyens is a mystic on whom the mantle of Mrs. Besant is to fall; and Lady Constance Lytton, by her "Prisons and Prisoners," has added to the fame of the family. "Those children are all my world," said the Dowager Lady Lytton. And she has no belated longings for any other.



ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES SHERRINGHAM SHEPHERD: MISS MOIRA SOPHIA TRENCH.

Miss Trench is the younger daughter of Mr. Charles O'Hara Trench, of Clonfert, Eyrecourt, Co. Galway. She is a keen follower of the East Galway Hunt.

Photograph by Poole.

Outside she was joined by her friend, who had already left her wraps in her motor. Then, both fanning themselves vigorously, as if still hot from the waltz, they made their way in. Orthodox methods would, one must suppose, have been far less amusing.

A Bully King. There will be no looseness in the observance of the formalities for the first visit of a reigning Monarch to the United States. The Continent will be on its good behaviour, even to the point of dullness, as it was when the Connaughts were so carefully entertained in New York that the list of guests invited to meet them at a great reception was denied to the Press—which in Europe would have been an almost impossible manifestation of the powers of privacy. It is on this side that the American indulges a certain "freshness" in the presence of royalty. Lady Randolph Churchill remembers a dance of many years ago, given by Count Kinsky at the New Club. The



WHERE ARABS ONCE REIGNED—AND POLO IS NOW THE THING: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN RIDING IN ANDALUSIA—IN THE GROUNDS OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS DE VIANA, AT MORATALLA.

Photograph by Hugelmann.

King of Greece was one of the company; he danced, and danced well, with an American girl, who in the excitement of the moment told him what she thought of him. "You're a bully King," was her parting compliment.

Mme. Melba's Dinner.

Lady Randolph Churchill dined with Mme. Melba the other night at the Savoy. The dinner was a small one, the other guests being Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Lady Susan Fitz-Clarence, and Sir John Fuller, but it sufficed to



ENGAGED TO MISS MOIRA SOPHIA TRENCH: MR. JAMES SHERRINGHAM SHEPHERD.

Mr. Shepherd, of Craughwell, Co. Galway, is, like his bride-to-be, a keen follower of the East Galway Hunt.

Photograph by Poole.



ENGLISH POLO-PLAYERS IN SPAIN: THE MEMBERS OF A WINNING TEAM RECEIVING MINIATURE CUPS FROM THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Much interest has been taken in the visit to Spain of the eight polo-players taken there by Lord Wimborne. The King of Spain has been playing a good deal with them—far, it is said, above his old form.

[Continued opposite.]



WINNERS OF MINIATURE CUPS IN A RECENT POLO-MATCH IN SPAIN: THE "WHITE" TEAM WITH THE PRIZES PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

[Continued.] and he is a first-rate No. 1. In the second of our photographs are seen the "Whites" of a recent game; the Duque de Penaranda, Señor San Miguel, Mr. Badger, and Captain Vivian Lockett.—[Photographs by C.N.]



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Pleasures of Easter.

The first spring holidays are at hand, and we shall all feel it incumbent on us to rush out of town, no matter how inclement the weather. And this vernal season was, until lately, even more ferocious than usual. One was surprised at the temerity of the little yellow leaves uncurling in the London parks, and at the amazing optimism of the birds, who are confidently courting and nest-building. The crocuses had the air of adventuresses in white and yellow and purple gowns, and the cooing of innumerable wood-pigeons had an altogether ironical sound. However, by the time these words appear we may, for all we know, still be basking in sunshine. Yet I do not think that many Londoners really enjoy their Easter holiday. For one thing, we make it too long, and it would be far more reasonable to take a clear, fat fortnight in June, at Whitsuntide, than to sit shivering in seaside hotels and lodgings or oppose oneself to the full blast of the east wind on innumerable golf links in early April. As a matter of fact, the best way to spend Easter is in a comfortable country house, in which one can ignore the procession of fast-days, Sundays, and Bank Holidays which assail you unpleasantly in the cold, outside world. For when everyone goes

away at once holiday resorts are apt to be over-crowded. Still, there are, of course, thousands of people who cannot pick and choose their time for a holiday, and to whom Easter affords a welcome opportunity to escape the hurly-burly.

The Compleat Shop-Thief.

Our present civilisation has produced that extraordinary specimen of humanity, the well-to-do shop-thief. This species of crime is steadily growing, and must give our toiling proletariat furiously to think. For the offenders, so long as they wear costly furs and Paris hats, or even the broadcloth of a clergyman, are invariably let off with a fine and a fudged-up doctor's certificate, while a starving man or woman who snatches a purse or annexes pieces of coal sometimes receives ferocious sentences. These well-bred and wealthy thieves present a curious study in psychology, for not one of them, in all probability, would filch articles from their friends' houses or persons, and yet they will go, with malice aforethought and secret pockets arranged, to help themselves and forget the graceful little ceremony of paying at most of the big drapers' shops. It is, however, the "Stores" which seem to set the imagination of these kleptomaniacs ablaze, for the sight of so many desirable articles displayed all at once, and for any passer-by to handle, appears to be an irresistible temptation to secrete them and slip unobtrusively away. Perhaps the garments of women lend themselves more easily to these immoral proceedings, but it is certain that there are now more "kleptomaniacs" among women than men. No class seems to be exempt, and the consequence is that the great Stores must go to enormous expense and employ a staff of detectives to guard their stock against depredations by people in purple and fine linen. It is the strangest state of things, but it is obvious that one of these days someone will be "made an example of," and possibly the prospect of "six months' hard" will deter these so-called ladies and gentlemen from further enterprises of a like nature.

London Expressed in Music.

It was a bold idea of one of our native composers, Mr. R. Vaughan Williams, to write a "London Symphony," and, under the amazingly able conductorship of Mr. Geoffrey Toye, it was heard the other night at Queen's Hall. There is no doubt that modern music can and does express all sorts of pictorial and oral effects—not to mention what the Futurist painters call "a state of mind." Though the composer is far advanced from the somewhat primitive formula of Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," even those of us who are non-experts in music realised thoroughly what Mr. Vaughan Williams intended to convey. We heard the chimes of Westminster, a suggestion of rag-time music, the roar and tumult of the traffic, night in London, with its gay and sinister suggestions, and then passages of infinite regret and sadness, which would seem to suggest the legion of Failures who, living or dead, seem to haunt the atmosphere of a colossal city like ours. And although the themes introduced at the beginning of the work appear again, in somewhat complicated form, at the end, it is not on a note of triumph, such as one might have expected, that the "London Symphony" ends, but on faint and long-drawn-out chords. Perhaps Mr. Vaughan Williams wishes to remind us that the greatest cities end in dust and ruins, and that even the vast area of buildings which lies about the Thames will disappear in like manner.



A NOVEL TUNIC.

Made of white satin, this dress has a novel-shaped tunic of old lace, bordered with small pink chiffon roses; the corsage has a bolero of the same lace, and touches of black velvet at the waist.

"Fashionable Intelligence."

The most casual observer of the Human Comedy must sometimes smile at the items of "fashionable intelligence" set forth in the penny and halfpenny papers. Who is the arbiter of all these elegancies, and what man born of woman is wise enough to know who is fashionable and who is not? Strange, unfamiliar people print notices of their arrival in town, or of their change of address from Howard Crescent to Wilton Square. The engagements of worthy citizens in Ealing to budding beauties in Norwood are likewise announced with all the pomp of print. One wonders why? It would seem as if, with the triumph of Democracy in England, we hankered more and more after the exclusiveness of an aristocratic caste, just as in the United States the Four Hundred take up a vast space in the newspapers, while in the Parisian journals the parties of the Faubourg St. Germain seem exclusively chronicled. The homely phrases "crème-de-la-crème," "upper crust," and "top of the basket" are witness that this desire to shine and to appear modish comes from below, for no person in Society would invent such absurd expressions to indicate rank or position. So we must expect more and more fashionable intelligence of a bewildering kind, until possibly the English aristocracy draws a veil over its proceedings and declines to have its doings chronicled.



THE NEW WAISTCOAT EFFECT.

This is a chic blue serge model of which the coat is made in the new waistcoat effect, over a vest and roll collar of white muslin.

tions by people in purple and fine linen. It is the strangest state of things, but it is obvious that one of these days someone will be "made an example of," and possibly the prospect of "six months' hard" will deter these so-called ladies and gentlemen from further enterprises of a like nature.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN-VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 28.

THE STOCK EXCHANGES IN COMPETITION.

IT may not be generally known that for some weeks past a certain number of provincial Stock Exchanges have been experimenting with a Bureau, established at Preston, in order to see how far their members can do business together without resorting to the London Stock Exchange at all. The idea is to bring together, at the middle price, a Cardiff buyer of, say, £5000 North-Western Debenture stock and a seller of the same security at Huddersfield—assuming these two towns for the sake of example. The Bureau issues a daily list of securities on offer and wanted, and against each item is placed a number, so that no subscriber can tell where he is dealing until the transaction is consummated.

The Bureau, as a matter of fact, has not answered all the high expectations formed of it at first. Probably less than a third of provincial Stock Exchange members belong to it; but, even so, the Bureau comes into competition with the London Stock Exchange, and it is a competition that is serious.

Newspaper offers to buy and sell shares are never likely to hurt the Stock Exchange to any extent for various reasons, one of the most cogent being that there is no guarantee of the buyer obtaining good delivery in this way. He may get vendors' shares, for instance, and would have no remedy in the matter; whereas a Stock Exchange member is obliged, by the rules of the House, to accept, from a seller, "good" shares only, and if a mistake should happen to occur it would be rectified at once without question.

The truth of the matter is that the London Stock Exchange has come to loggerheads with the provincial Stock Exchanges simply because of the want of sufficient give-and-take on both sides. The Associated Stock Exchanges complain that the central body adopts an intolerably high-handed attitude. The London Stock Exchange says, in effect, that these offshoots from the main stem are pert, greedy, and ungrateful. Wanted now is the silver persuasion of some mediator who shall be able to present so frankly, forcibly, and, withal, so good-humouredly the vital necessity for welding into one the present jarring elements, that London and Provinces should fall into mutual agreement for the benefit of their members, of general business, and of the public.

CUBAN PORTS.

Rothschilds and Schröders are big names with which to link the Cuban Ports affair, but it is by no means surprising that either or both—according to which rumour one is disposed to pay heed—should have been appealed to for help in unravelling the knot into which matters have got twisted.

Cuban Ports fell to 22 and rose to 36 within the last few days of March. The Bonds held their ground pretty firmly, 82 being about the lowest for them. In the grand slump of last year, the Bonds at one time went to 54. As we write they stand at 86.

The new Cuban Ports Committee has already justified its existence. It set out the other day with the express intention of friendliness to the existing body, and the two committees conferred amicably enough at the first joint meeting. The new men are mostly drawn from the Stock Exchange, and they are out for business. Whether the price goes up or down for the time being matters nothing to them. They have devoted themselves to the task of getting a fair settlement from Cuba, and they wield a lever of mighty power in being able to say that until some such settlement is reached no issue emanating from Cuba shall escape their opposition wherever they can make it effective.

Politics are responsible in no small degree for the present *impasse* over the Cuban Ports Company. One party in the island is not only ready, but willing also, to come to equitable terms with the holders of Bonds and shares alike. On the other hand, a second party is opposed to settling the matter, apparently taking the line that, if only long enough time is taken, the shareholders will drop the whole affair in despair at ever getting any forwarder. This pious hope it is which the new Cuban Ports Committee have come out to traverse. The situation changes with a rapidity as kaleidoscopic as that of the political whirligig at home; but unless energy, allied with experience, breaks down in a most unlooked-for way, Cuban Ports bondholders, at any rate, will yet get a good deal of their own back again.

NIGERIAN TIN.

Within the course of the next six weeks there should arrive the annual rainy season in Nigeria, when, by all natural laws, river-beds should be replenished and the alluvial propositions enabled to face once more the prospect of shipping tin in bulk. For some time past the various Companies have been handicapped by prolonged drought. Labour, too, has been none too plentiful, though lately this difficulty has given signs of amelioration. Lack of water, however, is the principal reason for such falling-off as there has been in the outputs from producers, and this factor is likely to give way to normal conditions in the near future. The cynic will, of course, prophesy that the next trouble, after the drought, will be floods; and the cynic, especially in Mining matters, sometimes saves money—in the sense that he does not speculate, and, therefore, does not lose it.

At the same time, there are risks that seem worth the taking in this market, because its prices have fallen so low that there is little room for further decline, while the prospect of the list waking up during the rainy season—when expectations of increased output will be canvassed—are not at all bad. The producing Companies' shares are probably best worth mentioning.

Naraguta Extended turns out so substantial an amount of tin per month that the current quotation of 12s. 6d. for the £1 share, fully paid, looks far from expensive. The Company owns a large area, will probably increase its production, and should shortly be in a dividend-paying position. The capital is fairly large. Forum River shares, at about a guinea, are backed by strong people who have a sincere belief in the Company, and who are large holders at prices not much below the present quotation. The shares would rise readily to five-and-twenty or thirty shillings upon any public interest gravitating to this market.

The recent slump in Abu shares, the much-vaunted, is mysterious, and has given rise to some uneasiness, as the information published a fortnight ago was considered satisfactory. Probably the cheapest of the five-shilling shares are Keffis, at 3s. 9d. This price makes the whole concern capitalised at £37,500. The drought decreased recent production, and rendered a freshly installed system of sluice-boxes of no particular service for the time being. When the rains come, however, the new installation should make a great difference to the output and to the cost of winning the tin. But all the alluvial Companies stand to benefit by the rainy season; the advent of which may be, of course, discounted by the Stock Exchange and other things settle down to peace and quietude again.

THE ARGENTINE IRON AND STEEL COMPANY.

The Erlanger group of Argentine Companies seems to be in a bad way. First came the very unsatisfactory results of the Argentine Tobacco Company, and now the surprising circular of the Company whose name is at the head of this note. In these columns we have never been enamoured of the Erlanger promotions (which, by-the-by, are no favourites on the Continent), but we confess we had not expected that in the second year of the Argentine Iron and Steel Company there would be danger of default on the Preference shares—and this, too, in the face of an expansion in the turnover of £36,518. If the matter ended here there would be nothing to designate by the name of "a scandal," but the issue of £150,000 Preference shares in December last, not only without a word of warning, but backed by the most encouraging accounts of the Company's business, is a very unfortunate incident, and one which will require serious explanation from the Board. It is this sort of thing which destroys confidence, and makes the public shy of other securities coming from the same source.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY SCHEME.

The reorganisation of the balance-sheet of the Beira Railway, which is at present the subject of legislation, ought to have been advanced a further stage on March 31, but, in consequence of the large amount of both First 4½ per cent. Debentures and 6 per cent. Income Bonds required to make a quorum at the respective meetings, the matter could not be concluded, and an adjournment of three weeks had perforce to be taken.

The position of the railway has so vastly improved in the last three or four years that, instead of arrears of interest on the 4½ per cent. Debentures, the Board is likely to be in the happy possession of revenue sufficient to enable a dividend to be paid on the Ordinary shares, as soon as various old losses and soft assets are written off; while, despite very drastic reductions in rates, the revenue steadily increases. It is clearly in the interest of all classes of security holders that the Bill now before the House of Lords should have its passage facilitated. From the tone of both meetings, and the way the very admirable speech of the Chairman, Mr. Maguire, was received, it is certain that the necessary resolutions will be carried, probably with unanimity, at the adjourned meetings which will be held on April 21.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO RAILWAY.

The remittances from Ecuador received on account of the coupon arrears continue of a satisfactory character, and although the payment which it was hoped would be made in March will probably have to be delayed until the end of the present month, there is every prospect of three, if not four, coupons being dealt with this year, and it is probable that if the Mexican and Brazilian positions improve an arrangement may be arrived at whereby the whole of the arrears—now amounting to 20 per cent.—may be discharged in cash. At about 59 the Bonds are certainly an attractive speculation, likely to prove remunerative to a buyer who is willing to take risks for the prospect of a reasonable 10 per cent. investment. The present cash value of the arrears deducted from the price makes the Bonds, considering their prospects, look very cheap.

FINANCE BY THE NIGHT MAIL.

"I rather wish we'd been going second," remarked the City Editor with a heavy sigh, and without the slightest relevance.

The Director refused to be drawn. Too well he knew the meaning of that sigh. "I never knew such a chap as you. Just because you're going to Paris—"

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Spring Fashions

Have arrived, bless them! A show of them was welcomed last week at Whiteley's by hundreds of enthusiastic admirers. It is a pleasant thing to watch—even from serried ranks—the display of models by all the great Parisian mode-makers. A band played cheery music; the *promenade des toilettes* was railed-off so



AT LLOYD'S! A RELIC OF THE OLD G.P.O. SET UP AT WALTHAMSTOW.

This part of the portico of the old G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand, is now seen in Lloyd's Park, Walthamstow.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

that the graceful and pretty girls trained to display could exercise all their art; and they emerged on a raised verandah, which might have been the adjunct to a smart race-meeting or the sitting-out lounge at a brilliant party. The great salon used for the *promenade* was cleverly lighted and delightfully flower-decked. As for the frocks, they were indeed a fascinating study. There were fashions for the tall, the short, the slender, and the well-developed; the fair, the dark, the young, the middle-aged, and the elderly. None were provided for the old, as there are, nowadays, no old people to wear them. From time to time announcements were made by an experienced M.C. in connection with the gowns. More than once ladies were asked to desist from sketching them: naturally, Whiteley's had not made the display to facilitate fireside fashion-making, or, more correctly, marring. It was noticeable that long diamond-and-jet and diamond fringes were made use of on tunics; and, in some instances, to confuse the issue of the exact position of the waist-line. Draping in almost every case was the *cachet* of a costume. Sometimes it was classical; again, the source of the inspiration was Japanese; occasionally it was purely eccentric—that, however, was quite the exception. The coatee found favour for day dresses; and one or two of the smartest evening frocks had triple or dual Persian tunics slightly wired out. Many of the skirts were slit up, showing a silk-encased leg; but most of them were not. There were elaborate dresses glittering with diamanté and iridescent embroideries; dull gowns rich and elegant; dresses in Pompadour colouring, worn by girls in powder and patches. It was quite a wonderful display, and a woman who could not choose from it some bewitchingly becoming and mode-of-the-moment dresses would deserve to be costumed in sack and head-gear in ashes for the term of her natural life.

The Care of Baby. It all depends on how a baby is reared whether it grows up strong and healthy or not. The child is undoubtedly the father of

overcome difficulties. Allenburys' Food is the result of the most scientifically and correctly modified milk for infants possible. It is packed as a dry powder, in hermetically sealed tins, and is germ-free. To produce a perfectly pure humanised milk, only the proper amount of water is required. To gain a real knowledge of how to look after a baby, so that it may grow up with a healthy, contented mind, in a healthy, comfortable body, read "How to Bring up Baby," which has been published by Allen and Hanburys, 37, Lombard Street. It will be sent free on application, as will a more complete pamphlet, entitled "Infant Feeding and Management," and a copy of Allenburys' weight-chart.

Our Hats for the Spring.

When charmingly becoming and practical hats are wanted, consult Scotts, 1, Old Bond Street. If it be impossible to make a personal visit, the spring booklet for the current year gives a large selection of hats—each one named, priced, and described, as well as illustrated, in a way that is really enlightening as to its merits, and also fascinatingly pretty and stylish. There are town hats, morning hats, afternoon hats, country hats, and riding hats. The Arundel, in fine Tuscan straw, trimmed with ribbon-velvet in all the newest shades, and finished with a silk tassel, is most becoming and stylish, and costs only two guineas. It is a hat for the river, garden-parties, for tennis and croquet, golf, or the morning ride or walk in town. The Curzon—a hat at 39s. 6d., in pedal straw, with a shaded ostrich-feather mount at one side, and a rich corded ribbon band, which can be had in any colour—is particularly becoming, smart, and stylish. These are but two examples from many that can be seen



SNAPSHOTTED AT ETON: PRINCE HENRY, THIRD SON OF THE KING, WHO CELEBRATED HIS FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY ON MARCH 31.

Our sporting readers may like to recall that Prince Henry was born on the day on which his grandfather, King Edward VII., won the Grand National with Ambush II.

Photograph by C.N.



THE DRAWN INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY MATCH AT BOURNVILLE: THE IRISH TEAM.

In the back row (players only) are W. J. Peterson, R. Hayes, John Peterson, T. F. Perrin; in the middle row are G. J. Meldon, F. L. Robinson, M. H. Cork, H. L. Simmons, and R. C. Morrison; in front are R. J. Beaty, and D. Rowlands.

in the booklet. A selection of the hats will be sent by the firm to any address, on approval, or an experienced assistant will be sent to any ladies in town who cannot find time to visit the show-rooms.

The Crisis and the Season.

So far the political débâcle has affected the social life of London only on the tip-top; the King and Queen went out nowhere last week. A dinner and a very small dance, arranged by Lord and Lady Farquhar early in the week, because Princess Maud came of age on Friday; also a Royal Family informal celebration of the anniversary on the actual date, were postponed. Dates for dances have been given out for every night in May and June—on some nights, two or three. Rich Americans have taken houses for this Peace Centenary season; everything promised well. Now we may be faced by either a General Election, which would not affect the season much, if it could be speedily done with, or a continuance of crises that must affect it badly. Should the General Election come in May or June, the season would be practically broken up.



THE DRAWN INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY MATCH AT BOURNVILLE: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

In the back row (players only) are M. L. Pool, J. H. Bennett, J. A. Lovell, E. B. Crockford, R. B. Langden, and W. N. Riley. In the front row are W. F. Smith, S. E. Saville, S. H. Shoveller, A. D. Stokes, and A. F. Leighton.

the man. Nowadays much more care is necessary in rearing infants than formerly: conditions generally are less favourable. The law of compensation is, however, carried out: for science steps in to

Continued from page 30.

"*La ferme, mon vieux*," laughed the other, who was brushing up his French, "and I'll make the best of your masculine society. I believe you noticed them, all the same."

"Noticed whom?" and he nimbly dodged the magazine which hurtled across the carriage.

Conversation, not too brisk at the best of times, then languished for a while, until the Director, who was perusing *The Sketch*, looked up with a smile. "New Caucs," he chuckled. "Just because they've got a name like North Caucs—"

"Not at all," was the reply; "but just because an important group are taking a hand."

"And Spies?"

"Fair speculative investment. Answer to correspondent—five bob, please."

The only thing the outstretched hand appeared likely to get was the lighted end of a cigar, so the demand was not pressed, and the other continued. "But, seriously, what would you do? My broker, who ought to know, put me in at 25s., and there I've been ever since."

"Buy some more to average and you'll make money yet."

"Unto him that hath it were possible, but unto him that hath not—"

"For heaven's sake don't misquote unless you can do it properly," laughed the City Editor; "and you'll come out of Spies all right if you buy a few more."

"H'm—and my wife has got North Caucs—"

"Paid for and locked away they can be kept. But I can't help feeling that the market will be disappointed over the dividend—even forty per cent. wouldn't look over-fat against the present price."

"And the price will drop?"

"I shouldn't mind betting—"

"Even after the first week of flat racing?"

"—That you will be able to buy North Caucs under forty shillings," continued the City Editor quite placidly, "although I think they'll go to fifty shillings in the end."

The train stopped with a jerk which was eminently characteristic of the particular line, and the two collected their belongings. Only the Director's umbrella was forgotten.

"You ought to have heard my language at Cook's this morning," chuckled the latter as they made their way down the gangway into the grimy little boat, "when I heard the steamer's name."

"Didn't know you could swear," said the City Editor blandly,

in spite of vivid recollections of the other as a rowing coach; "but, anyhow, let's get to the heart of the vessel."

They ordered beer, although it was only about two hours since they had finished dinner.

"What shall we drink?" inquired the City Editor, lingering the wine-list. "Here we are—Summer drinks '—"

"H'm—yes," said the other. "Summer drinks and some aren't. I'll have beer!"

"My South American investments are worrying me," continued the last speaker, "although Brazilians are bucking up on—"

"Didn't know you had any."

"Got a few in most places—geographical distribution scheme, don't you know."

"Doesn't pay, my boy. Wasn't it Carnegie who said 'Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch it'? That's good advice, and can be best carried out in Home securities."

"Oh, glory!" said the other, "and the Government will help you watch it. *Je ne le pense pas*"—but he thought it over afterwards.

Friday, April 3, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

V. D. (India).—(a) Should gradually improve, but not very fast; (b) offers a good yield, and is quite attractive as long as you realise the speculative nature of the business.

H. N. T. (New Brighton).—We have answered you by post.

NORMACOT.—A profit made on anything else would be just as useful as made by the purchase of more of the stock you mention. This is all we meant. We suggest International Railways of Central America Preference or Common, Egyptian Salt and Soda, or Guayaquil and Quito Bonds. We don't think the stock you hold will go much lower.

D. M. (Weston).—We have been asked the same question by one or two other correspondents, so there is clearly something going on, but we have failed to get any reliable confirmation.

VERDOM.—We don't look for a dividend on the Railway Common for some time, but consider them a good spec. We should not care to commit ourselves to a definite forecast as to the Nitrate dividend. Public Utilities are rather out of favour, but we have heard good accounts of the one you mention. Sorry we cannot depart from our rules.

KAX.—We have not been able to obtain all the necessary information in time to reply this week. Will do so in next issue.

"F."—You needn't worry at all.

N.B.—As we go to press early, we ask the indulgence of correspondents whose replies are unavoidably held over until next week.

Mayfair's Modes

MAYFAIR may be said to be the home of the Modiste. No Gown, Blouse, or Hat that does not emanate from that ultra-fashionable neighbourhood is considered correct by the world of wealth, fashion and position.

The accompanying illustrations show two examples of superb productions from the very heart of the fashionable dressmaking world. They are creations by the Misses F. J. and L. WILSON, of 17, Hanover Square, W.—one being a very charming Afternoon Gown in black taffetas, with beige and black-striped bodice and white muslin chemisette; and the other, a beautiful Tea-Gown in flesh-pink chiffon with lace flounce and ribbon rosette and a coatee of shot pink taffetas.

The Misses WILSON number among their fashionable and extensive clientèle many noble and distinguished names—those most familiar in the social, political and theatrical world. They are now busily executing some original and unique creations in connection with the fashionable functions of the approaching London Season; amongst which are now on view at their Salons, 17, Hanover Square, W., many elegant costumes, beautiful hats, charming blouses, and exquisite evening gowns; also several Trousseaux for forthcoming Society weddings, and Court dresses for débutantes.




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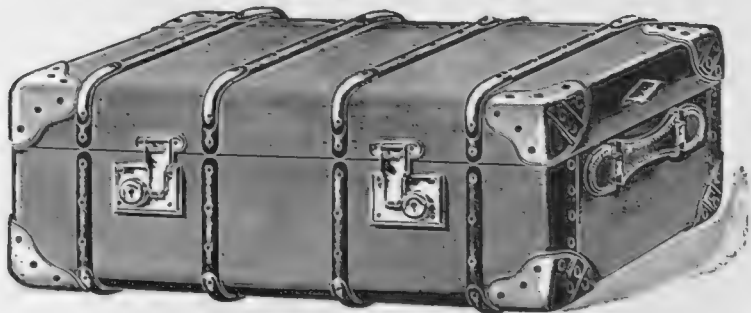
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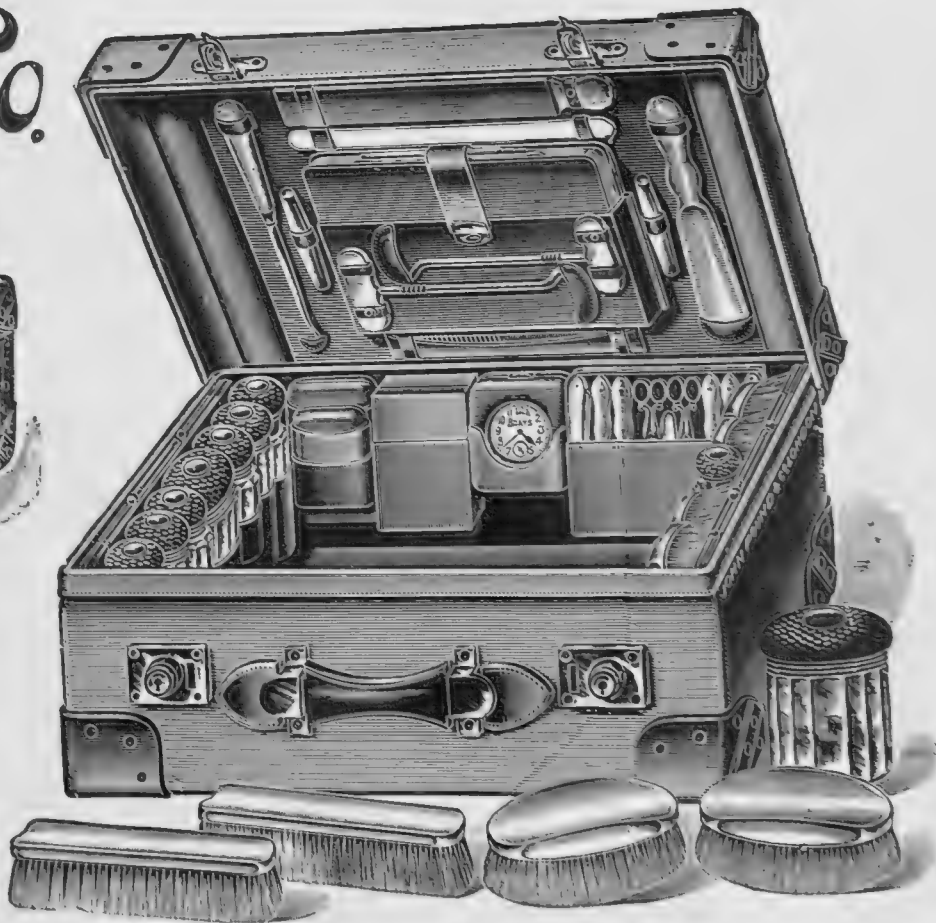
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Double Event	Lincoln Handicap
Sunloch	Grand National
Outram	Lincoln Handicap
Sunloch	Grand National

in accordance with instructions received

Signed this 3rd day of Feb 1914

D.M. Gant

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Double Event	Lincoln Handicap
Sunloch	Grand National
Outram	Lincoln Handicap
Sunloch	Grand National

in accordance with instructions received

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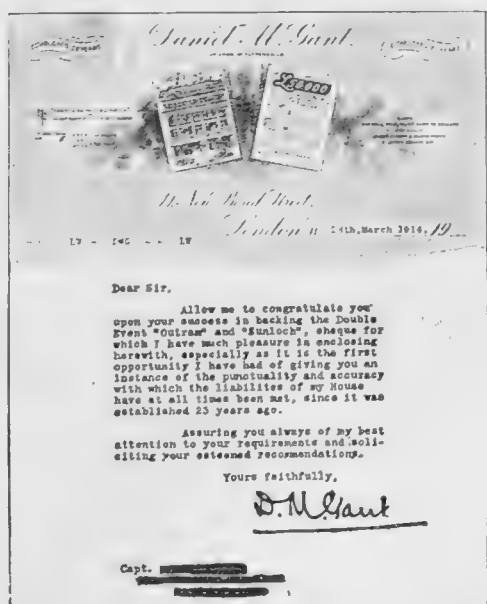
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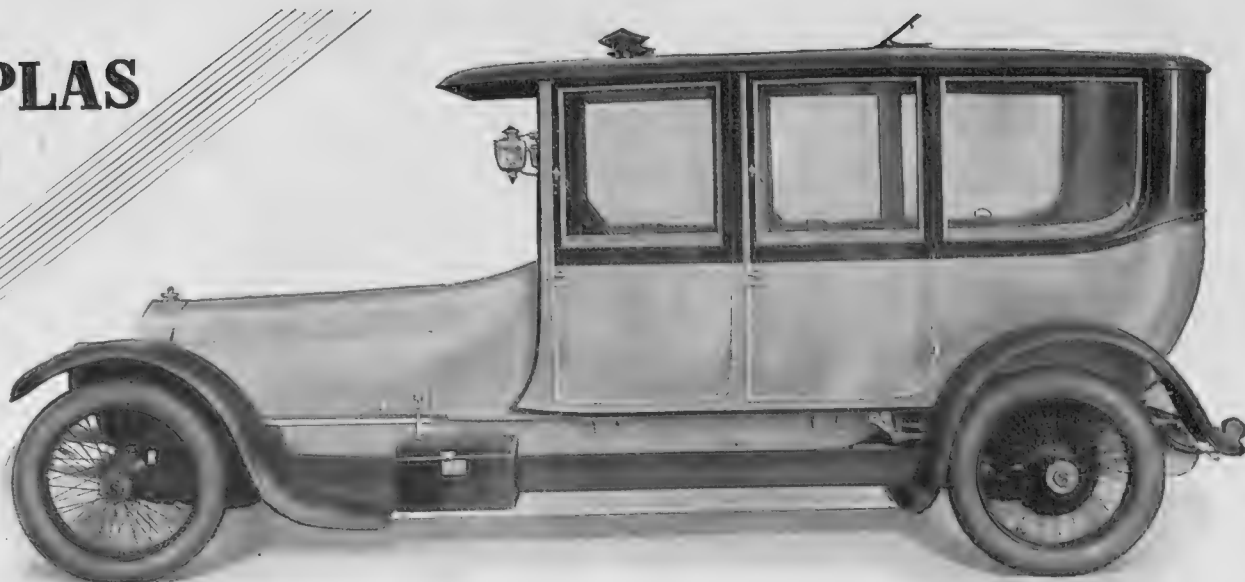
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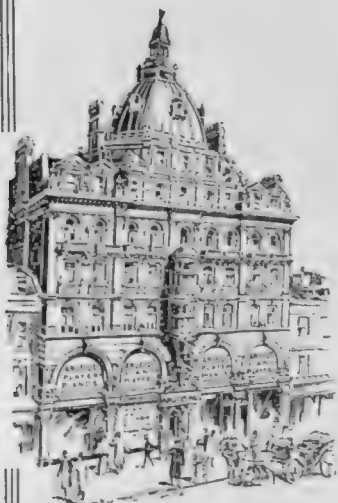
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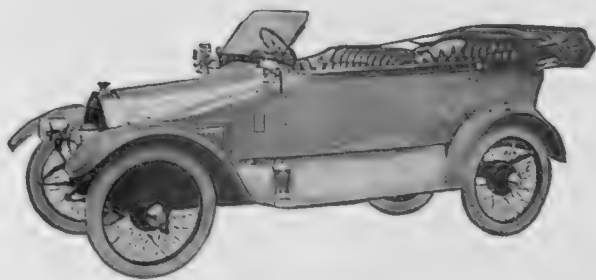
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FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE IN-LAID FURNITURE , in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseur	
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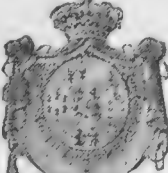
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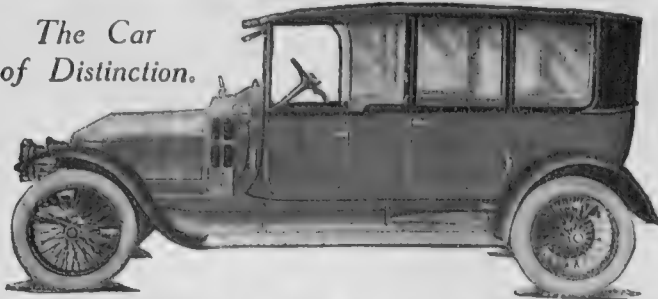
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The book, which is being distributed broadcast, free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 12F., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention *The Sketch*.



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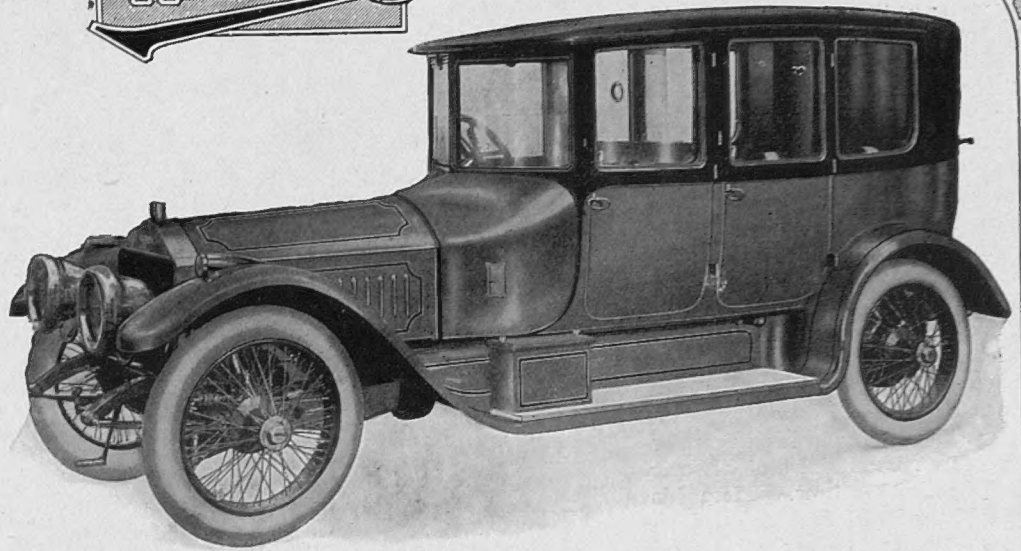
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AN ISLE OF BEAUTY.

MR. John Morgan Richards, the author of that interesting volume, "Almost Fairyland" (John Hogg), does not hold traffic with Macbeth's "juggling fiends" who "Keep the word of promise to our ear And break it to our hope!" He cannot say too much in praise of the beauty, the charm, the literary, artistic, and historic associations of the Isle of Wight; he claims that it is "Almost Fairyland," but admits that it has no "Paphian Bowers," and that, being surrounded by the sea, it suffers an occasional spell of the "doldrums." Yet that he loves the place well is obvious, for not only does he write of it with enthusiasm, but he has made his home for many years at beautiful and historic Steephill Castle, Ventnor. Here his gifted daughter Pearl, famous in after-years as "John Oliver Hobbes," played as a child upon the sands, and here, too, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards entertained from time to time many shining lights in the worlds of art, literature, philanthropy, and religion; and the author has stories to tell of Dr. Parker, the brilliant Boanerges of the City Temple, who would only preach on his own day and at his own hour; of Mr. T. P. O'Connor spending a whole night typing an article on the death of Henry Irving, in 1905, for his paper in London. The names of many writers figure in these pages.

And Mr. Morgan Richards can be very practical, offering suggestions for possible improvements of the isle in general and Ventnor in particular, although it may have gone rather



BOTH CHIC AND COMFORTABLE: TWO CHARMING EVENING GOWNS.

These designs are from dresses by Mme. Barri, 72, Baker Street, W. That on the left is in fine black lace and dull satin, with a jet ornament at the shoulder and a rose on the corsage. The other is in grey taffetas and chiffon, with a sash drapery in flowered Ninon. (See adjoining paragraph.)

against the grain of his artistic temperament to advocate them as likely to attract "an enormous number of visitors and tourists." An interesting reminiscence of "John Oliver Hobbes" is that her first published literary effort appeared in a London weekly Society paper, was called "The Note-Book of a Diner-Out," and signed "Diogenes Pessimus." The volume is fully illustrated, and covers a period commencing in 1872 and culminating in the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards, celebrated on Dec. 31, 1913.

A delightful exponent of the enviable art of being both smart and comfortable is Mme. Barri, who has made her dainty salons at 72, Baker Street such a resort with members of the fair sex who desire comfort and convenience, but at the same time are not prepared to forego the pleasure of looking their very best. There are the smartest of evening gowns—one, in fine black lace and dull satin, with a jet ornament at the shoulder and a La France rose on the corsage, is particularly up to date and graceful. Another is in grey taffetas and grey chiffon, with a very cleverly arranged sash drapery of flowered Ninon, in Dresden china shades. This also is lovely. There are dozens of charming models at the Barri Salons; all of them smart and pretty, convenient and comfortable. A specialty is made of corsets on the same lines—of silk tricot, and of cool summer materials. The daintiness of the garments for infants and older babies baffles description. Our illustration proves the Barri gowns immaculate in taste and style.



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